TEN CENTS A COPY

John Bunyan, by Arthur Colton, on page 586

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Simple Souls

THE novelists are enviable who profit by the modern willigness to read anything so long as it is part of a story, and lard and stuff their narratives with critical comment on everything in general. The end of a column has no prohibitions for them. They can write an essay on manners in three hundred and fifty pages, or thirty volumes of cockney philosophy (like H. G. Wells) with no damages, unless their books do not sell. It is amusing to remember how we learned in our university courses that Fielding should never have interspersed essays in moral philosophy, nor Scott inserted detailed descriptions and revamped history. We are through with that sort of thing, our instructors said. On the contrary, we do it differently, and more.

But another and more fundamental controversy in fiction has changed its terms entirely, yet so subtly and with such gradations that only the space permissions of a philosophical novel, new-style, would allow an adequate study of what has happened. It can only be suggested and described here.

Where is the most rewarding subject matter for fiction and drama to be found, in simple, unsophisticated human nature, the folk, the peasant type, or in the noble, the refined, the cultivated, the aristocratic? That was once a question on which books were written and literatures rebent or remade. Wordsworth in his way, and Goethe in his, answered by opening new sources of deep though simple emotion. The folk song came into music under such influence. What in Goldsmith had been called "low," in Dickens became "immortal," as one result of the victory for the naive. Tolstoy based his theory of art on the intuitions of the simple mind. Hardy in England, and Scandinavians, Poles, Russians, Germans, and the French of the regional books, have carried on peasant literature in order to get at human nature by the open door of the lowly mind. And this literature of the simple has been successful. Hardy has been lifted above Meredith, Wordsworth above Byron, Mark Twain above Howells, and Romain Rolland, even now, has more followers than Proust.

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And yet this success, which began with the triumph of romanticism and has now become commonplace, is accepted with little criticism at the moment when the peasant type, the folk, which was its philosophical basis, is on the way to extinction, and has already disappeared from every highly civilized region. Industrialism has substituted the proletariat for the peasant, and the success of standardized industrialism has diminished the difference between laborer and worker to clean hands and degrees of literacy, until the proletariat and the bourgeoisie become indistinguishable except in terms of more and less. The world the novelists write about is no longer a contrast of intellectual or aristocrat with the naive peasant. It has become a duality to be contrasted with a dying type. Primitive man in the peasant sense is dead with the ballads, or is dying with the spirituals. His successor is a semi-literate, somewhat sophisticated, unrefined but very knowing citizen of the great world.

The novelists have apprehended his change without realizing it. They have asked credit for writing democratically of the plain man. They have said, in so many words, that by seeking out homely tragedies, like Dreiser, or sordid dramas, or rough and bestial pleasures, they are keeping close to the great heart of mother nature. We are asked to believe that the experiences of a gunman or a drug clerk or an ignorant shop girl in the Bronx, are more important than the psychology of a gentleman and a scholar because these first are closer to nature and hence more likely to yield some significant truth.

But this is nonsense. Dreiser is no more a successor to Wordsworth than the plumber's assistant is a replica of a Westmoreland shepherd. These industrialized men and women—whether picked up on the streets of New York or Paris, or from the farms of the Middle West, or the communes of the Soviets—are as far from the peasant type as is a university professor or a radio performer. Differing in sophistication, each from each, they are all in the same stellar system separated by irreversible space from those orbits from which they came.

The question then must be argued again and freshly, and with no prejudices. The triumph of

(*Continued on page* 583)

Indian Fetich

By WITTER BYNNER

WHAT are your turquoise eyes looking upon
Out of that head of bone?
Is there good-fortune in oblivion?
I am staring with my own.

I am wearing not you, I am wearing myself as a charm,
Trusting myself, not you,
To bring me only good and to keep away harm.
I am a fetich too.

I can move my bones awhile yet and can turn my eyes
And can make good-fortune come,
But soon I shall be smaller than your size
And prophesying dumb.

This Week

"Dictionary of American Biography."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"James the Second."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

"The Fringe of the Moslem World."
Reviewed by NERMINE MOUVAFAE.

"Crises in Venetian History."
Reviewed by GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

"American Architecture."
Reviewed by TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN.

"Joseph and His Brethren."
Reviewed by SAMUEL C. CHEW.

"Pilgrims of Adversity."
Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH.

"Baltimore."
Reviewed by FRANCIS BEIRNE.

Next Week, or Later

"The Case of Sergeant Grischa."
Reviewed by H. M. TOMLINSON.

A Great Undertaking*

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

HISTORY, Carlyle once remarked, is the essence of innumerable biographies. This statement is only partly true; history is a complex of forces, some of which—geographical, for example—have no dependence on human lives; but the degree in which it is true cannot be better realized than in reading such a volume as this. Here in 660 large double-column pages is the first instalment of a twenty-volume work which, it may be confidently predicted, will equal, if not surpass, the admired and indispensable British Dictionary of National Biography. Though it fills a gap which has perhaps existed too long, the delay can hardly be regretted. Probably not until recent years have we had in America either the collections of material —brought to the surface by innumerable biographers, genealogists, historians, historical societies, publications of State and national archives—or the expert scholarship which is necessary to lift such a work to the requisite standard. Supported by the Council of Learned Societies, endowed with a half-million-dollar fund by Adolph S. Ochs, ably edited by Allen Johnson, the work marks a milestone in the history of American scholarship.

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The name of the experienced editor, the list of nearly three hundred contributors to this initial volume, and the statement of principles followed in planning the series, are all guarantees of the authority, thoroughness, and meticulous carefulness of the work. The Dictionary is to include every dead person connected with this country, and actually at some time resident in the territory now known as the United States (British officers serving here after 1776 excluded), who has made "some significant contribution to American life in its manifold aspects." Merely typical and exemplary persons are excluded. Great care has been taken to make up a complete list of significant Americans by calling upon specialists or groups of experts in every profession to compile lists, by submitting them to other specialists, and by consulting lists of all necrologies. Where there are omissions, therefore, it may be assumed that they are deliberate omissions. The biographical sketches as they have been received have been submitted to a clerical corps maintained at the Library of Congress for rigorous verification of names, dates, titles, and facts, and everyone acquainted with such work knows that this corps has found an amazing number of slips to correct. No such Dictionary can be perfect, and this one has its defects; but it attains a level of excellence that will delight its users and make it of comprehensive and permanent value.

The word comprehensive is to be emphasized, for those who assume that this is a work of biographical reference merely, that its sole use is to those who wish to ascertain facts about a particular life, and that it has little or no broader value—such persons will quickly gain a truer view if they will read only a hundred consecutive pages. It is bound to prove a fertilizing agency in historical and biographical work of every kind. It offers keys to innumerable doors at which men have long fumbled. The British Dictionary of National Biography resulted in the publication of many extended biographies which

* DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies. Edited by ALLEN JOHNSON. Volume I: Abbe-Barrymore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. 20 vols. $250.

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would never otherwise have seen print, and this is certain to be one fruit of the American Dictionary. But this first volume promises also a wealth of curious and important lore which will inevitably be utilized as a starting point, broadened, and applied in a hundred different fields. Into it are condensed the results of an impressive amount of fresh research, presented in a suggestive and telling though, of course, compact way; research which will open up many a new and fascinating vista.

Even to the general student of American life, as distinguished from the specialist, there is a constant succession of discoveries to be made in these pages. Most of them occur not in the biographies of the Adamses, the Abbotts, the Bancrofts, and other eminent and well known men, but in those of minor figures. Side by side we find the Jim Baker who was a Western pioneer and married three Indian women, and the H. H. Baker of Boston who was a pioneer in the juvenile court movement. What great New York merchant, amassing a fortune of $35,000,000 and acquiring an art collection which the German expert, William Bode, declared the finest he had ever seen, was such a recluse that a friend remarked of him after his death "I doubt if a hundred persons in New York City knew him by sight"? Benjamin Altman might not have given $20,000,000 in art treasures to his city if he had not denied himself a family and all ordinary social contacts. Who was the war-time governor of Louisiana who "might have changed history to some extent if his talents could have been utilized by the Confederate States on a large scale?" Henry W. Allen organized an invaluable trade with Mexico, established State stores, factories, and foundries, set up a turpentine distillery and chemical works, and imposed State prohibition. His biography, matched by that of the J. B. Anderson who made the Tredegear Works in Richmond the mainstay of the Confederacy in matters of munitions, calls attention to some neglected phases of Confederate history. Who was the educator who for years ran Allegheny College as a one-man institution, his house its sole building, his col- n of 7,000 books its library, and himself its ent, registrar, and faculty, serving without This Timothy Alden has still another claim remembrance as a man from whose curious lifelong habit of visiting burial grounds sprang five volumes of American epitaphs. Who was the American negro who was encouraged by Edmund Kean to study for the stage, made his début in London as Othello, and in a long career was showered with European medals and orders? The history of this man, I. I. Aldridge, is as remarkable in its way as that of the inspired Maurice Barrymore.

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In this volume one may make the curious discovery that T. S. Arthur, the author of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," was opposed to prohibition by legislative enactment; that Senator Nelson W. Aldrich at an early age took Sir Robert Peel as his model in statesmanship; that "Gas" Addicks, who spent three million dollars in an unsuccessful effort to be elected Senator from Delaware, died in extreme poverty; and that Emma Abbott, the opera singer, had pietistic inhibitions, but tights in her page rôles were justified by being "worn modestly" (one wonders just how?), while her conscience finally allowed her to sing the "immoral" part of Traviata as "a woman who tried to be good." The volume abounds, one is glad to note, with characteristic and entertaining anecdotes some of which often light up a man better than a bushel of facts. A dentist, Frank Abbott, is presented as an irascible fellow who, when a paper he read to the New Jersey State Dental Society was badly manhandled, snapped out something about "a nest of hornets," and left in dudgeon; whereupon the members proudly accepted the epithet and for years termed themselves "hornets." One reads of another Abbott, the iron-handed headmaster of Phillips Exeter, whose favorite recreation was gardening; "every year, when the robins robbed his cherry trees, he would seize his gun and rush out crying, 'These robins must be killed!' to return after a mild, 'Shoo! Shoo!' without having fired a shot." We learn how S. L. M. Barlow, when he grew obese, took up horseback riding to reduce his flesh; but gave it up when it shortly transpired that his poor steed had lost fifty pounds while he had gained five. It really brings some picture of "Pop" Anson before us to learn that this giant of the National League "had a voice in his impassioned moments like a hundred Bulls of Bashan," and that he wished as his epitaph, "Here lies a man that batted .300."

Some of the biographies are especially good; the great body are at least competent; and only a few are patently defective. Among those which may be read with delight are H. G. Dwight's admirably vivid vignette of Alvey A. Adee, the deaf veteran of the State Department whom John Hay well called "Semper Paratus Adee," and who, when asked to describe the interview between his chief and Wu Ting Fang, said, "Well, Mr. Hay was rather hazy, and Mr. Wu was rather woozy." It is a model of a brief sketch. Equally admirable, though for different reasons, is J. H. Nelson's biography of the late James Lane Allen, which collects from personal as well as printed sources a wide array of vital facts, and furnishes a real conception of a shy, elusive, and noble personality. M. A. De Wolfe Howe has given the best of his practised hand to the five thousand words on George Bancroft, which combine an interesting account of an eventful life, an incisive study of character, and a just estimate of Bancroft's writings. The lives of Audubon and Benedict Arnold could not have been better done. There are forty-two Adamses in the volume, beginning with Abigail of the famous letters, and ending with William Wirt Adams of the Confederate army; and the apportionment of space among them was in itself no slight test of the editor's skill. Among these Adamses, the biographies of John and John Quincy by Worthington C. Ford and of Henry Adams by Allen Johnson are polished specimens of scholarly narration. We may be sure that Henry Adams himself would have protested that he did not deserve the thirteen columns here allotted him, only four fewer than are given his grandfather the sixth President; but if there is any disproportion, we gladly overlook it. Finally, nothing could be better —with one reservation presently to be noted—than Nathaniel W. Stephenson's full treatment of Nelson W. Aldrich, based on a searching study of manuscript materials and delightful in its literary quality: a real contribution to recent American history.

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Of the less satisfactory sketches it is necessary to mention only a few. Surely John P. Altgeld, the "eagle forgotten," who was so thoroughly misunderstood in his own day, who was so unflinching a friend of the poor, the unfortunate, and the maltreated, who did so much for humanitarianism, education, and social advance in Illinois, might have received both more penetrating and sympathetic treatment than he gets here. He was one of the permanently inspiring figures in the vanguard of the Western progressive movement; Brand Whitlock and Clarence Darrow in prose and Vachel Lindsay and Edgar Lee Masters in felicitous verse have expressed something of what Altgeld's name will always mean to men interested in social justice, but little perception of that meaning warms this sketch. In a different way, we find a good deal lacking in the pedestrian record of that roistering hero of Vermont, Ethan Allen. The facts are there, but not the spirit of the daring, hot-blooded, and often wrong-headed man. We do not even have a denial of the pleasant legend that he summoned the surrender of Ticonderoga in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. A salient example of a badly proportioned sketch is that of Orville E. Babcock, the rascally secretary to President Grant. After all, Babcock's interest for present-day students lies entirely in his service with the President and his supposed connection with the Whiskey Ring. But two-thirds of this sketch is given to his comparatively unimportant Civil War experiences, in which he gained the field rank of mere colonel; in the single remaining paragraph no details are offered on his visit to Santo Domingo and the resulting treaty, and no judgment is ventured on the question of his complicity with the Whiskey Ring.

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There is fortunately very little in this volume of the kind of sketch which partakes of the character of the authorized or defensive biography. Only here and there such a tendency may be suspected in the treatment of recent figures. The biography of Senator W. B. Allison of Iowa as "a modernist" offers an example. E. P. Oberholtzer tells us in his history (II, 605) that in the Crédit Mobilier scandal "Allison had been as culpable as Colfax. His course perhaps merited greater disapproval"—and Colfax was permanently disgraced. Allison went into the Senate as the special representative of the railroad interests, which at certain times, especially in early years, were decidedly anti-social interests; and he stayed there as their representative. The sketch of him is in many respects excellent, but it may be questioned if it is not colored in his behalf. The same question may be raised more forcibly regarding Mr. Stephenson's biography of Senator Aldrich. Mr. Stephenson demonstrates effectively how Aldrich became "the embodiment in politics of the creative business forces of the time." There are many novel contributions to our political history in his engrossing narrative of how, as the dominant figure in the ruling Senatorial group comprising Allison, Spooner, and Platt of Connecticut—the "Big Four"—he gave statesmanlike direction to legislation after 1890; how he opposed the war with Spain, accepted imperialism as inevitable, shaped the tariff, and planned financial reform. The record of his relationship with Roosevelt, who sometimes attacked him, but always respected him as a square fighter, is full of new and illuminative matter. There emerges a skilful portrait of an elevated and finely controlled personality, and the tribute to Aldrich's iron will, austere ways, and high abilities is none too great. But we feel again that the sketch is colored in Aldrich's behalf. It is never intimated that, as was the fact, his political security in Rhode Island rested upon a corrupt and arbitrary machine. We are not told that the "creative business forces" he represented and for which he labored were, apart from his financial reforms, first, last and always New England's, and that he knew little and cared less about the vital business interests of other sections. Finally, we are left at a loss to understand how he sacrificed the confidence of the nation, became anathema to all its progressive elements, and grew to be so utterly distrusted that his essentially sound financial measure could never have been enacted under his name.

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Of positive errors, slips of fact, and misprints there also appear to be singularly few in the volume. The worst misprint is the mention (p. 378) of Bonner's *New York Ledger* as the *New York Ladder*. One wonders why the late Raymond Macdonald Alden is described as a "philologist," which is precisely what that excellent prosodist and Shakespearean scholar was not. One wonders, too, why in Solon J. Buck's authoritative and sound sketch of another scholar recently dead, Clarence W. Alvord, no mention whatever is made of the long ill-health which was one of the dominant facts of his career—probably the dominant fact. Assuredly the biographer of Robert Bacon errs, though he does so on the authority of James Brown Scott, when he gives him credit for any prominent part in the formation of the United States Steel Corporation and the Northern Securities Company. But in general every test of this immense mass of facts certifies to its almost impeccable reliability.

The omissions in the volume are undoubtedly those of intention, and not of oversight. To determine whether a name should be included or excluded is often a task of such delicacy that the critic must feel the greatest hesitancy in suggesting that here and there a distinct if petty gap is perceptible. The most noticeable of these minor gaps relate to the lesser political figures and particularly those who operated from the rear rather than from the foreground. It is evidently a studied policy to omit men like the late George W. Aldridge, long Republican "boss" of Rochester, an able lieutenant of Thomas C. Platt, and for many years one of the real if half-hidden rulers of New York State. One misses also a sketch of Judge George G. Barnard, whose evil rôle in the Erie War and the Tweed Ring scandals, culminating in his exposure and impeachment, fills many a dark page in the post-war history of New York State. Henry Adams's brother, J. Q. Adams, is not included, though he was a distinct personality, and was nominated for the Vice-Presidency in 1872 by those Democrats who could not bring themselves to support Greeley. "Private" John M. Allen of Mississippi, one of the best-remembered humorists of the House of Representatives, is not here; and some will look in vain for an account of Stephen W. Babcock, whose milk-tester is used the world over and whose other services to the dairy industry and to agricultural education were of permanent importance. At a certain level, however, it becomes difficult to say what names should be included and which names omitted, and it is hypercritical to cavil at the necessary exclusions.

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On the whole, this is a work in which not merely the Council of Learned Societies, which initiated the project and has advised Dr. Johnson in its planning and preparation, but the entire world of American

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scholarship, can take pride. Its catholicity, for no academic narrowness, no excessive prejudice in favor of writers and professional men as distinguished from industrialists and practical doers, has fettered its editor; its human interest; its literary as well as scholarly excellence—these assure it of a high place among the similar dictionaries of the various nations. Many a man who takes it down to consult it will find himself reading on for sheer entertainment. To uncounted thousands of students it will save many a weary hour; to hundreds of thousands of general readers it will answer many a perplexing question instantly and completely. The country has waited long for it, but it promises to be well worth the wait.

Bellocian History

JAMES THE SECOND. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Yale University

THIS is a character sketch and biography of James Duke of York who became on the death of his brother, Charles II, King of England, and who set about during his three years of rule to restore the Catholic Church, and in consequence lost his throne. It is advertised as the long awaited vindication of James II. Mr. Belloc has been at pains to go over the sources and he has written out of considerable knowledge of the time and of the man. There are excellent passages in the book, some divination as to character, and now and then glimpses of real understanding of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Belloc has made an historical discovery of the most extraordinary importance, a discovery that he thrusts forward again and again. England was ruled by an aristocracy of landed families who resisted the King, as of course they ought not to have done.

Shaftesbury for example was "one of the intermarried knot of great families." The Stuarts wished to be popular kings, but were estopped by the cliques of landed gentry and London merchants. Something of this sort has been suspected for a long while in historical circles, and it is pleasing to have Mr. Belloc find it out.

He has much to say of the vulgarity and falsehood of Whig history, and then proceeds to outdo the Whigs in the intensity of his hates, but his adjectives and execration want that freshness and exactness that would excuse them. It is an old jest that Macaulay used to say when he sat down to write history that now the Tories were in for a bad time. When Belloc sits down to write, Whigs need not worry, for they will be so vilified as to win sympathy. Cavaliers are given credit which friends of the good old cause would hesitate to award. It takes nothing less than brave imagination to praise Charles I for supporting the Navy. James II did deserve some credit for the Navy, but by no means as much as this hero-worshipper would give him. That watchfulness and infinite pains in details which kept the Navy fit for fighting were characteristic, not of the Duke of York, but of those Cromwellians that were such a villainous crew.

Mr. Belloc should not have missed the chance to interest this psychological generation. Why did the brave Duke of York become at length the cowardly King who ran away at the crisis? It is a theme made for the new biographers. Was James suffering from a complaint brought on by dissolute life, a complaint that is said to enfeeble the will? I am told that one might suspect as much from reading his Papers of Devotion.

Mr. Belloc writes so well that one could wish it were history that he were writing, rather than Bellocian opinions about history. It is perhaps fortunate that his prejudices make the book a bit tiresome. When Mr. Belloc is at his best he can be dangerously plausible and carry with him all his readers but the historians. He is often suggestive, and occasionally, as when he deals with population in Sussex villages at the time of Domesday Book, exceedingly interesting. But he can hardly write a page of history without supporting a cause or forcing upon a period his own pet ideas. He is much to be preferred when his enthusiasms and gusto find their proper vent, when he sings the praise of Sussex ale and Sussex inns, when he takes us along Roman roads, or with four men under the South Downs.

In one of his Sussex poems, the most famous of them, he says that a lost thing he could never find nor a broken thing mend. He has tried to mend James II and it was not worth the effort.

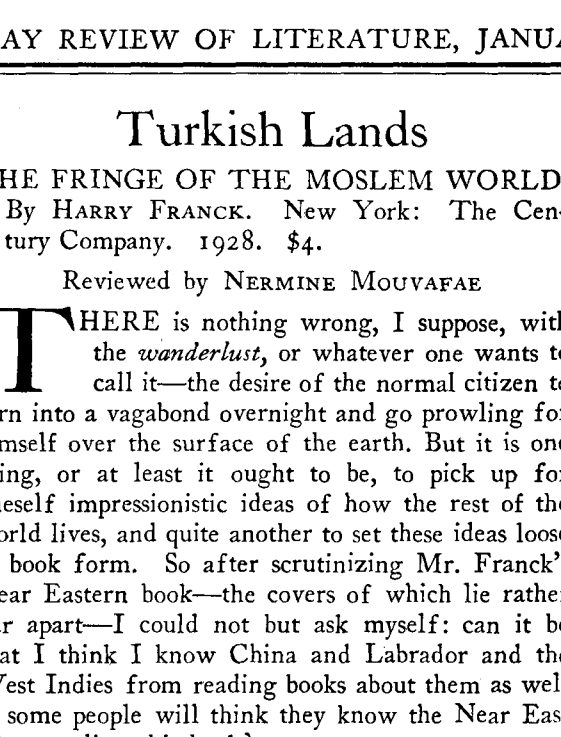
Turkish Lands

THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD. By HARRY FRANCK. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by NERMINE MOUVAFAE

THERE is nothing wrong, I suppose, with the *wanderlust*, or whatever one wants to call it—the desire of the normal citizen to turn into a vagabond overnight and go prowling for himself over the surface of the earth. But it is one thing, or at least it ought to be, to pick up for oneself impressionistic ideas of how the rest of the world lives, and quite another to set these ideas loose in book form. So after scrutinizing Mr. Franck's Near Eastern book—the covers of which lie rather far apart—I could not but ask myself: can it be that I think I know China and Labrador and the West Indies from reading books about them as well as some people will think they know the Near East after reading this book?

Now if one must write about one's travels, there are graceful ways of evading the main issue. Mr. Halliburton, for instance, sets out frankly to write not about the lands he goes through but about himself going through them. Or, to take a more dignified example, Keyserling's "Travel Diary" is interesting mostly because it is a diary. There is something in that—though we should get to know the world ever so well, we will not tire of learning how different people react to it. Just so the New York cousin is as anxious as the folks back home to know what the middle-west ingénue will feel when she "sees the lions." But what of those who try to write objectively, who want to make us see, hear, touch, and smell the countries they have merrily skipped through? The trouble with them is that they do so often manage to give us the impression that here, at last, is a good picture of this or that part of the world. How are we to know that things so glibly said are due rather to a smoothly flowing pen than to a serious knowledge of mere facts? One can imagine women's club discussions of "The Fringe of the Moslem World": "Mr. Franck's latest book? Isn't it delightful? Reads so fast, you know. Prince of Vagabonds—I thought I actually was in the Near East myself."



HILAIRE BELLOC
A caricature by David Low, reproduced in Sisley Huddleston's "Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios" (Lippincott).

"Mr. Franck's estimate of the 'Terrible Turk,' 1928 model, is perhaps the most interesting part of a thoroughly engrossing book," the jacket informs us. Turning to Mr. Franck's estimate we learn that the Turk takes Christians into the hills and kills them, "usually with swords and axes," that he is "a bully and concomitantly a coward," given to sexual excesses, a cheat, and a liar. We skip a few pages, for this is only, after all, Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the terrible Turk in 1876. What, now, of the modern Turk's way of living? It seems that he sacrifices camels at Bairam, if he is rich enough. But it is only once in a blue moon that one even sees a camel in Constantinople, and if the Turk eats any meat besides lamb or mutton, it is veal or beef. Let us at least learn about the "reform-of-the-week club," as a New York *Times* editorial once wittily called it. But Mr. Franck was refused admission to the "Gazi's" bungalow in Angora, and that, plus a complete miscomprehension of the problems of Turkey, sets him off. Not only does he say nothing very new, but he also says few things that are true. Not because he is deliberately trying to create a false impression—on the contrary one sees signs, now and then, of a desire to see both sides of a question—but because he has picked up his information from too many odd sources or from no source at all; because, too, he has merely skimmed the surface, and not all the surface at that. So might one write a book about the United States, after a two months' sojourn, touching only upon Ellis Island, the Ku Klux Klan (saying that all Americans are members of it), tabloid versions of negro lynching in the South, bootleggers, and what the man in the street thinks about, say, American imperialism.

But it has always been a difficult task to understand the people of the Near East, an almost impossible task to understand the terrible Turk who is, poor fellow, not quite so terrible as he is simple, childish, ignorant, peace-loving, strange as this may seem to some, rather bewildered at present because his sense of values is so rapidly shifting, but well-meaning and determined to improve his small corner of the world. Far be it from me to say that all is as it should be in Turkey. Mr. Franck, no doubt, slept in many uncomfortable beds, sometimes had to do without central heating, ruined a few pairs of shoes on rocky streets, had to have too many photographs taken in order to please the police, would have shopped with more ease in the bazaars if they were run with the efficiency of a five-and-ten-cent store, missed on many occasions the New York, New Haven and Hartford trains, and had reason to wish he could present the people in the villages, and in the cities too, with a cake of ivory soap apiece. He probably saw nondescript hats, schools housed in barracks, poorly clad soldiers, ruinous looking shops, and other evidences of a none too prosperous national life. But then, why not stay at home? There are other things. One sees them or one does not. Mr. Franck, one suspects, did the latter. So he can wander about Stamboul on a Ramazan night and write:

> Few of the electric signs of Broadway even along the Grand Rue de Péra; but there was a large one of unknown import (being, of course, in Turkish) draped between the minarets of famous St. Sophia. To judge by the general air of modernization that hovers over old Stamboul, it was probably the announcement of tomorrow's snappy sermon, with orchestral music and colored lights, by the Rev. Hodja Abdul So-and So. Or it may have been calling attention to the priceless virtues of chewing gum.

But one who knew better—his name is H. G. Dwight and he has written of Turkey like a Turk—describes the same thing in a somewhat different manner:

> The minarets of St. Sophia, the Süleïmanieh, all the other great mosques that ride the crest of Stamboul, already wore their necklaces of gold beads, while mysterious pendants began to twinkle between them. We watched one spark after another spell "O Mohammed!" above the dome of St. Sophia, and a golden flower grew out of the dark between the minarets of Baïezid.

Simple Souls

(*Continued from page* 581)

Rousseau and the ballad has nothing to do with the case. The plain people of modern novels can ask for no sympathy because nature flows through their veins without check. Cloak and suit makers, movie proprietors, realtors, elevator boys, clerks, and chauffeurs are not better subjects for fiction than connoisseurs, woman novelists, intellectual decadents, scientists, and professors, because they are closer to nature. They are so far from primitive and even peasant man, that new terms must be devised for the argument. Dreiser's characters are no closer to real life than Henry James's or Eugene O'Neill's or Aldous Huxley's. The question is merely from which stage of civilization can the most be drawn, and who draws best.

So far, the democratizing, vulgarizing influence of this quarter century, has given to the novelists of bad manners an advantage in popular sympathy over the novelists of good (or, shall we say, complex) manners. It should not be so. We can choose between refined and unrefined but not between artificial and natural man. We are all artificial now. The old issue of criticism is a dead dog.

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Venetian Episodes

CRISES IN VENETIAN HISTORY. By LAURA M. RAGG. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE B. McCLELLAN
Author of "The Oligarchy of Venice"

BEGINNING with the foundation of Venice and ending with the Great War the author has selected twenty-two outstanding events in the history of Venice, some of which are undoubtedly crises in the authors meaning, while others, like the fall of the Campanile in our own day, while picturesque, had no apparent influence in the shaping of history. These events she has connected, more or less successfully, with "some building, picture, or object which may be easily viewed by the tourist." In some cases the connection is obvious, in others the chapter must be read carefully to discover the "building, picture, or object" with which it is supposed to be connected.

A residence in Italy of ten years, during which her husband has been English chaplain at Bologna, Venice, and Rome has given the author an excellent opportunity of studying her subject. While her style is somewhat ponderous her selection of the events which she has discussed has been so judicious that the book is well worth being read by those who are interested in Venice.

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Most Venetian historians, with the exception of Daru, have been supporters of the Venetian cause to a point approaching idolatry. For them the Venetian Oligarchy could do no wrong, its opponents no good. As it has been easier to accept the printed word as true than to verify it by laborious study of the original records, there have grown up legends which from much repetition are usually taken for granted as the facts of Venetian history. Mrs. Ragg has accepted the prejudices of the past and made them her own.

Her attitude toward Marin Falier, the two Foscari, and Napoleon's connection with Venice are [illegible] e describes Falier as arrogant and foolish [illegible] hat the only purpose of the plot which he [illegible] and the failure of which cost him his [illegible] te gratification of his personal and petty spite and of his selfish ambition, an explanation that is usually accepted, but is scarcely consistent with common sense.

With the execution of Falier in 1355 died the final hope of popular government in Venice. Falier's attempt to overthrow the Oligarchy was by far the most important that was ever made from within. It was led by the ablest Venetian of his day and had behind it the great mass of the Venetian people. That Falier aimed at supreme power for himself cannot be doubted, but it is equally certain that he proposed to base his power on the common people at the expense of the Oligarchy, and to rule Venice as a sort of glorified popular tribune.

The story of the two Foscari, the Doge Francesco and his son Jacopo, as gradually elaborated through the centuries, is one of great pathos that has appealed to most authors. Shorn of its glamour, it is as sordid a tale as has been told. The younger Foscari was a bribe-taker and a scoundrel who, like Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy of France, used the influence of the head of the state to shield him. The elder Foscari was a bribe-giver and a corruptionist, who had the sad distinction of having done more to injure his country than any of his predecessors by committing it to a policy of imperialism and colonial adventure. At the close of his reign he forgot the duties of his office in the excess of his grief for his wretched son, and for fifteen months refused to attend to business. As he declined to abdicate the Oligarchy had no option but to depose him, which it did October 22, 1457.

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That Napoleon or Bonaparte, as he then was, behaved with neither courtesy nor fairness to Venice is only too true. But it is unjust to charge that from the beginning he acted with studied bad faith and intended to destroy the Republic while speaking her fair.

He offered Venice a treaty of alliance on four separate occasions and four times Venice declined, urging, as her excuse, her commitment to a policy of unarmed neutrality. Bonaparte complained that the neutrality that Venice was observing was entirely in the interests of Austria and against those of France. His complaint was well founded, for from the moment the French Revolution began the Oligarchy was by a large majority Austrophil and Francophobe. When the time came that Bonaparte, weary of Venetian bad faith, determined to end the Republic, the latter obligingly gave the conqueror enough causes for war to have satisfied a far more scrupulous conscience than his.

It should be said in justice to Mrs. Bragg that in following closely the accepted version of Venetian history with its legends as well as its facts she has only done what her predecessors have done before her, including the greatest of them all, Romanin.

She makes no claim to original scholarhsip, and in her preface states that she has made no researches in the Venetian Archives. She has, however, read most of the standard authors and if she has walked in their footsteps her work is none the less of interest and of value.

The book is profusely illustrated and well printed. There is a good bibliography at the end and an excellent index.

American Architecture

THE AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF TO-DAY. By G. H. EDGELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $6.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By FISKE KIMBALL. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

THIS first volume, as a book of illustrations, is superb. Equally satisfactory, both in selection and in presentation, they form an impressive series, and as one pores over them there is a growing impression of dignity, adequacy, fine taste, and some essential harmony throughout the wide gamut of American architecture. More and more, also, the impression grows that that dignity and that adequacy are slowly passing, that, for instance, the modern moving picture theatre interior, as illustrated in Eberson's Chicago Capitol, or the Fifth Avenue theatre in Seattle, by R. C. Reamer, and the Robert E. Power studio, however gay and fancifully charming, are in their lavish artificialities basically unreal—not architecture at all—mere pretty pictures to soothe a deluded taste. One wonders, even, about the skyscrapers. Into their design, too, with a few outstanding exceptions, there seems to have crept something of the same artificiality, perhaps even falsity, that is not a matter of detail, for it is as true of those most frankly modernist as of those that carry a parade of classic or Gothic detail.

It is something more fundamental, something rather terrifying; it is an unreality based upon a deep felt doubt of the whole type of life which not only permits but encourages them, sometimes even forces them upon a land owner as a matter of self-defense. Before such a photograph as that of the middle west side of New York, I confess I can only feel a sort of dumb horror, seeing those craggy, piled masses, and thinking of the life teeming within them and filling the tenements they so deeply shadow. It is perhaps a total lack of sociological and economic background which lessens the effect of the critical text. It is paralleled by a somewhat similar lack in the grasp of what American architecture really is after and of the fact that styles of ornament are of comparatively little relative importance.

Architecture, as a creative process, is no more concerned with the social processes behind any individual building than a doctor is in the moral character of a patient, but architecture as a body of buildings produced in any country at one time, is inevitably the result of the social life of that country. To understand and to criticize American architecture as a whole would therefore seem to demand some basic attitude toward life in regard to these matters, on the part of the critic, in order to give coherence to his criticism. Moreover, to the everyday American who is not an architect, architecture has two values. The first is practical, because the architect shapes the building in which he works and lives; the second is intellectual and spiritual; great architecture is as truly a liberation and as energizing an influence as great literature. To appreciate the practical side the critic must understand the practical requirements—that is, the stuff of twentieth century existence. To understand the esthetic side one should have not only a close knowledge of the technique of design, but also some broader feeling for the emotional attitude of designer and spectator alike. What seems missing in this gallery of pictures and entirely lacking in the critical discussion, is the passion of conviction or the willingness to sacrifice to some valid beauty. It is perhaps this lack which enables the author to welcome with equal enthusiasm so many and so various buildings—the good, the great, and the merely adequate.

Mr. Edgell's sketch of the historical background, despite an occasional inaccuracy, such as "Mengin" for Mangin, and a confusion of the Government House with the City Hall in New York, is much the most valuable part of the text, and in it the various cultural movements that led to the architectural development are adequately, if briefly, treated. A similar perspective with regard to work of the present day might possibly have made the author less optimistic, less extraordinarily catholic in his admirations, but it certainly would have produced a more satisfactory picture of American architecture to-day. There is an excellent bibliography, but the classified list of buildings, however valuable, cannot entirely compensate for the unfortunate lack of an index.

Fiske Kimball's book makes no attempt at any such broad survey of the architectural work being done at the present time. It does, however, aim to present an organized picture of the growth and development of American architecture as a whole. In this it succeeds admirably; it is a remarkably terse example of knowledge based on thorough scholarship, presented in the most direct and simple manner, emphasizing the main patterns, and thus clarifying the whole chaos of modern taste, based as it is on the traditional classicism of the early republic, the deeply emotional romanticism of the middle nineteenth century, and the development, in recent times, of functionalism in design as a dominant motive. Equally refreshing is the fact that Mr. Kimball puts ornament in its right place, as a minor matter, realizing that the question of classic, Gothic, or so-called modernist decoration is not a matter of fundamental importance, and that the new forms that arise in architecture and achieve their own life are those which develop from new materials, and problems, imaginatively related. Thus he cites the revolution in industrial building design caused by the perfection of metal sash.

There is one great lack, however. in this consideration of American architecture, an entire absence of any consideration of planning, and the relation of interior arrangement and exterior expression. This is, perhaps, America's greatest architectural achievement, for as a whole, however designed on the outside, whether classic or romantic or modern, American buildings are well and carefully planned, and much of the general excellence of effect comes not from mere high level of taste, but from this careful interior arrangement. And there is one other criticism here made with due humility, and a realization that implicit in this criticism is the danger of sentimentality, and that criticism is of a lack of grasp of the true emotional basis of great architectural design. It is perhaps a feeling akin to this which makes the author so enthusiastically admire the skyscrapers of to-day, for in them there is some passion expressed, although it is not the designer's passion for beauty that has created the crowded pinnacles of the modern city, but a passion more sordid. The important fact remains, however, that Fiske Kimball has considered American architecture from a point of view basically artistic, and that the epilogue is a concise and beautiful expression of the essence of architecture, not only to-day, but at any period, and for that alone the book would be worth while.

Hermann Sudermann, the German dramatist who died recently, shaved off his beautiful black beard during the War, saying he would not grow it again unless Germany won. He died clean-shaven.

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Suffolk Folk

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. By H. W. FREEMAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by SAMUEL C. CHEW

INEVITABLY every novelist who is a "regionalist," that is, who undertakes to set forth the peculiar characteristics of some narrowly circumscribed and highly individualized locality, is compared with Thomas Hardy. What Hardy did for Dorset, that, it has been said, Eden Phillpotts has done for the country farther west, and that, it will now be said, Mr. Freeman has done for East Suffolk. The fact is, however, that the differences between Hardy's romances and this very promising first novel of a new writer are greater than the resemblances. It is true that both writers have to do with the yokelry of a remote part of England, "far from the madding crowd," with a human type that is fast vanishing before the encroachments of modern civilization. It is true, also, that this human type has always found its happiness in a strict limitation of its aspirations, and the serenest happiness in the most intimate contact with the soil. But Mr. Freeman, for better as well as for worse, lacks many of the most characteristic qualities of Hardy's art. If on the one hand he fails—indeed makes no attempt, for it would have been beside his purpose—to touch his landscape and his characters with the glamorous light of romance, on the other hand he has come to novel-writing at too late a time of day to avail himself of anything like Hardy's crass melodrama in the devising of his story. Moreover, there is in his tale no evidence of an attempt to connect a series of events with any implied or explicit metaphysic, "tentative" or otherwise. He is absolutely reticent, proffering no comment either upon the characters he has portrayed so well or upon the chain of happenings he sets forth so lucidly. His yokels labor and suffer and wax old as doth a garment; but their chronicler presents no indictment of any "president of the Immortals" who has fashioned their lives in this wise. Nor does the chronicler attempt to get within the minds of his people. He is, so far as "psychology" is concerned, as inarticulate as they are. It is not his business to explain the mentality of the Geaiter brothers, but to set it forth.

* * *

These five brothers are close to mother earth. London is to them but a far-off rumor; the larger towns of their country scarcely more distinct. Their horizon is limited to the rough and rugged fields of the farm which they till so devotedly, to the village in the valley below them, and to the nearby market town. They had been but children when their father bought Crakenhill, the barren unkindly upland farm which had been the ruin of tenant after tenant. Stubbornly they bring the sour stubbly fields into shape. They make crops grow where were formerly only rank weeds and prickly brush. They drain marshland and with their own hands uproot tangled growths of inimical vines. They are a lonely set of men, unneighborly, going neither to church nor chapel, the indifferent victims of hostile gossip down in the valley. The father is harsh, cruel, and foul-mouthed in his relations with the sons; and there comes a time when each young man in turn seeks to escape from Crakenhill to seek his fortunes in the larger world. Not one of them gets far away; for the "owd farm" calls them back, and they return to it as to the arms of a sweetheart, loving it better than anything else in the world, as it is indeed the only thing they know to love. The father marries a second time, and the infant Joseph is the offspring of this belated union. To the stepmother of the now adult five sons the farm is left at the father's death; and Joseph's brethren are content to remain as day laborers upon the land which should have of right been theirs.

How the jealous hatred of their tiny half-brother turns to devoted love; how their stepmother on her remarriage turns them off; how under bad management the land reverts to its old forlorn sterile condition; and how at length the five brothers return to the homestead, it must be left for the reader of Mr. Freeman's story to discover. Nor can we in fairness to Mr. Freeman even hint at the conclusion of the whole matter, when the brothers make the perfect and appropriate sacrifice not only for young Joseph but for the land they love?

It is customary to welcome a first novel with the adjective "promising"; but any such attitude of condescension would be unjust to Mr. Freeman. For there is nothing suggestive of immaturity about his book. It is carefully proportioned, admirably thought out, weighty in substance, with nothing of meretricious glitter or of precocious cleverness about it. He has succeeded in catching, for such permanency as fiction affords, a type of countryman that, after enduring for untold generations, has become an anachronism in the modern world. He has delineated in faithful detail a corner of a county the name of which for most of us suggests sterile salt marshes and low headlands eaten into by the sea, a corner, that is, which the regionalists have hitherto left untouched. "Joseph and His Brethren" should find an appropriate place on shelves with books that tell us of the Yorkshire moors, the becks and fells of Westmorland, the Sussex down, the lush meadows by the Froom, and the wild rocky coast of Cornwall. It deserves an honored place in regional literature.

Escapes Into the Heroic

PILGRIMS OF ADVERSITY. By WILLIAM MCFEE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH

THERE is enough local color, and extraordinarily interesting local color, too, in "Pilgrims of Adversity" to furnish forth half a dozen yarns by those earlier spinners, Smollett and Marryat, or even by Stevenson. Since White's "El Supremo" there have been few tales of adventure which so suggest romance in the grand manner as this book. Had he no more tales to witness for him than this, McFee has clearly the excellence of the born story teller, an excellence which no defect of method, no failure in philosophizing, can efface.

And yet to say this disregards much that is important. For in spite of his excellence, and in the face of his admirers, it must be asserted that his method has real defects. His style, like that of Conrad, whom he much resembles, is slow, overloaded with detail, even prolix. One wonders whether these authors do not mistake description for characterization. McFee especially seems to deserve this stricture. In spite of detail and repetition the two women of "Pilgrims of Adversity" remain essentially undifferentiated, and Captain Millerton is always eluding his creator, escaping from a reiterated caution and parsimony into something like the heroic. McFee is forced to excuse his alertness and energy. Again, the author is endlessly repetitious about the politics of Costaragua, his Central American *mise en scène*, and this without ever making them (the plural is advisable) so immediately clear that the reader can automatically relate each new event to the central situation. It is characteristic of McFee's skill that his story moves in spite of words, and that even these clogs have intrinsic interest. Yet artistically they are fraught with danger, are real defects, and success is achieved in spite of them, by a *tour de force*.

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Allied to submergence in detail for its own sake is an uncritical narration of adventure, also for its own sake. Perhaps this is unescapable in romance, even in romance which approaches the grand manner. But only perhaps. For romance in the grand manner carries with it some notion of worthiness in action, of fitness in character. It does not link together people so unlike that the story trembles on the brink of satire and the situation has to be saved by shooting the heroine, to the enormous relief of the hero. Nor, on the other hand, does it deliberately gloss over a similar situation when it links an improbable reformed prostitute to an impossible American commercial traveller who is modelled on the too well-known Babbitt. And when all is done, none of these adventures mean anything to the characters themselves, or to William McFee. To the characters they are but episodes, memorable merely because exciting; to McFee also they are episodes, valuable only because picturesque. So far as William McFee sees, man goes from place to place as fate directs, taking as they come such adventures as fate provides. None is master of himself, his fate, or his soul; in each the will is at the service of the libidos.

Yet, despite its familiar types, despite its vagueness of thought, and despite its prolixity of style, there is not a dull page, and there is hardly a dull passage, in "Pilgrims of Adversity."

A Pleasant City

BALTIMORE: A Not Too Serious History. By LETITIA STOCKETT. Baltimore: The Norman, Remington Co. 1928. $15.

Reviewed by FRANCIS F. BEIRNE
Baltimore *Evening Sun*

IT is related that upon one of her visits to Baltimore Amy Lowell, irritated by the failure of a colored chauffeur to appear at the appointed time, addressed him reproachfully as "You purple man!" Such, apparently, is the effect of Baltimore atmosphere upon the eyes of poets. The incident is here recalled because Miss Stockett is first of all a poet, and in assuming the mantle of historian she has preserved that keen perception characteristic of those who court the lyric muse.

What to lesser mortals with the dust of Baltimore in their eyes appears drab and sooty she sees as apricot or emerald or ultramarine or the color of ripe plum. And surely none else but a poet could grow ecstatic over that permeating smell, suggesting burnt rubber, that is not infrequently blown from the fertilizer plants over the city when the wind is from the southeast. When she refers to Baltimore women of the past as the most beautiful—there was not a spinster in the whole town—, to the men as the Gascons of the South, and to the children as the healthiest ever, some allowance will no doubt be made for poetic license, and the reader may be reminded also that the author as historian admits that she is not too serious. And if the artist prefers to paint her subject in the becoming light of a perpetual sunset surely the city and those who inhabit it need not complain.

The book takes the form of a leisurely tour through the city, with pauses here and there to point to some surviving landmark or, all too frequently as is the way with our modern cities, to a lonely bronze tablet, and to conjure up the ghosts and incidents of the past connected with the locality. There are many digressions in the way of anecdotes and biographical sketches of distinguished sons and daughters and visitors. Through the pages pass Samuel Chase, signer of the Declaration and Chief Justice of the United States, wrapped in his scarlet cloak; Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who rounded off his public career laying cornerstones; Junius Brutus Booth, sire of Edwin and the ill-starred John Wilkes, who played Richard III with such gusto that he drove his Richmond off the stage, out of the theatre, and across Holliday street, and Madame Bonaparte, scorning the provincial town of her birth but returning periodically to receive its adulation.

Here, too, are to be found Francis Scott Key polishing his verses at Fountain Inn in the thrilling days of 1814 and Hetty Cary, in no less thrilling times fifty years later setting "Maryland, My Maryland" to music and singing it in defiance of the orders of the Federal General Butler. There are Francis Asbury, pioneer Methodist evangelist and bishop, objecting strenuously to having his portrait painted until he was convinced that the proceeds from its sale would go to charity, and the beloved Cardinal Gibbons taking his accustomed walk up Charles Street. Nor, of course, does Miss Stockett overlook the two poets, Poe and Lanier, sons by adoption whose ashes rest in Baltimore soil.

From the days when, according to tradition, Captain John Smith gazed across the Patapsco toward the site of the future city, through wars and political upheaval and the romantic period of the clipper ships, to the founding of Johns Hopkins University in the 'seventies and the attraction to Baltimore of such scholars and scientists as Gilman, Gildersleeve, Remsen, Osler, G. Stanley Hall, Rowland, Welch, Halsted, and Kelly, Miss Stockett threads her way and draws richly from her own experiences to complete the picture from the gay 'nineties to the present year.

The whole is a satisfying morsel and no small compensation for the failure of Joseph Hergesheimer to include Baltimore in his "Quiet Cities." No Baltimorean can read it without feeling that the information it contains has enriched his background and added a new significance to scenes which he has regarded with the cntempt of familiarity.

The Bowling Green

For the next two or three weeks, during which period Mr. Morley will be occupied with the rehearsing and producing of a play, general material will be run in the place of his Bowling Green.

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John Bunyan. 1628-

I

IN my New England boyhood "Pilgrim's Progress" was not distinguished from "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," and the like except that it was more distinctly "Sunday reading." There was a theory that the latter should be somehow different. The theory or its reasons did not greatly interest me, for the line was not illiberally drawn, so far as I remember, and "Sunday reading" was well enough in its way. "Pilgrim's Progress" was as good as "Don Quixote," or the "Last of the Mohicans," or Grimm's "Fairy Tales," or "The Arabian Nights." A pilgrim was as good as a knight errant. Both of them kept going. People in all these books wasted too much time in talk, but they all took you into a far away world where you never knew what anyone was going to do next.

Our domestic copy of the "Progress" was not the more desirable one which Stevenson recalled to celebrity, but it had pleasantly sentimental steel engravings, one of which represented Christian with clasped hands and ecstatic expression, standing by a cross, while the burden of his sins tumbled from his back. The burden was a substantial package, about two feet long, neatly wrapped and corded. If that edition was burdened with the footnotes of Thomas Scott, they were no burden to me. One need not read them. Or if one did, and read that "divine illumination" was the cause of those mysteriously slipped and flying ropes, one naturally inferred that the package had been tied on with a spell. Magic locks and knots were always being opened and loosed by resonant formulas, and "divine illumination" sounded no less than likely. Something usually happened in the sign of a cross, witches and ghosts of evil [illegible]n disappearing, and the situation in gen[illegible]bettered. The thing was reasonable. [illegible]eared "three shining ones" from no[illegible]cular, who gave him new clothes and a roll, but the roll turned out to be something to read, not something to eat. They put a mark on his forehead whose protective value was never made clear. So he went on, and came to three men asleep with fetters on their feet, and they objected to his waking them with uncalled for alarm. One did not see any more than they what gulf was under them or roaring lion at hand, but when a person is in an ecstasy he does queer things. Next there were two men who came over the wall beside the path, and they all fell into an argument as to whether it was better to climb over the wall or go round by the gate, in which Christian appeared more complacent than polite. But when the three came to a steep hill called Difficulty, the two strangers left the trail and got into trouble, while Christian went half way up, and coming to a pleasant arbor, sat down, and fell asleep and lost his roll.

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The comment of my sophisticated maturity on all this is probably no nearer, and less direct, to the essential than my juvenile interpretations. If asked Why "three shining ones" rather than three angels, it answers: Because it was Bunyan's opinion that Christian did not know what they were, and saw only that there were three of them and they shone; because that is the way a good writer writes; he draws the effective line and stops. The comment of the young is rather that things happen that way when you travel interesting roads, unexpected things and no two of them alike. Why "three shining ones?" Why not, if that's what they were? So, too, maturity commenes on the first paragraph of the book, "The Secret of Bunyan's Survival," it says, "is here. What picaresque novel begins more effectively to the primary law of narrative; namely: Make it visible and make it move? It is as artistic as the opening scene of Hamlet. It is circumstantial, and yet select and immediate."

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dream and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his bag, I looked and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

II

But the story like Christian carries a burden. Granted that it carries it and goes on, still one need not deny its weight. Allegories are heavy, and narrative does not love a dragging pack. Doctrines fall away like autumn leaves, but narrative is an evergreen. "Pilgrim's Progress" is loaded with allegory, and the "enlightened" of an age of enlightenment reject its theory of life's meaning and goal. Or if that seems a statement too sweeping for varied conditions of mind and definitions of enlightenment, we may put it this way:

If one is himself of Puritan stock and grew up on the edge of Puritanism's long afternoon shadows, he has the experience of seeing himself in relation to a historic movement. A stage in the spiritual journey of the race has been left behind. He feels in his own nature the two pressures, of the Puritan's feeling and of the reaction against it. He is of it and yet detached from it. He comes into acquaintance with the great Puritans of the past, Knox, Cromwell, Milton, Bunyan, the New England theologians from Mather to Edwards to Bushnell; in memories of his own childhood he recognizes something of that tone of thought and feeling, and he is far enough from it to see that the tone was peculiar. He may feel repelled, or he be far enough away to be impressed. If he suspects that men will always have religions, he does not expect history to repeat itself. No age will ever be "Puritan" again, will ever again look at life in just that way, or cast in the same set drama of far heaven and surging hell its vision of all things and their consummation. The subject is too large for an essay's discussion, but the connection tempts the essayist to set down some random comments.

The degree of a reaction, like the swing of a pendulum, is a fairly accurate measure of the degree of what it reacts from. Nineteenth century respectability was not as severe a code as seventeenth century Puritanism, because the sixteenth century was more hedonistic and chaotic than the eighteenth century; because, in turn, it was experiencing the bankruptcy of more age-old and deeply rooted ideas. Our satirists today are not so fierce as Hudibras. Each swing of the pendulum has been less. That clock seems to be running down.

Progress is a sort of residuum of these pendulum reactions. The Renaissance with its humanists and the Reformation with its Puritans were both radical and reactionary. They ruled out and swept aside fifteen medieval and catholic centuries, and proposed to start again, respectively, from the Augustan and Apostolic age. It is the kind of thing that cannot be done, and so far as the proposition went, neither was successful.

But the doctrine was inseparable from the austerity. The austerity was not only his moral reaction. It had something to do with his sense of the incongruity, not to say the outrage, of people amusing themselves in a City of Destruction, cutting capers in the shadow of doom. You cannot separate the Puritan from his creed. It is at the heart of his desperate seriousness.

III

One idea far-reaching enough to be called philosophical, and very relevant to the question of the lasting popularity of "Pilgrim's Progress," is to be found in Mr. Grant Overton's "Philosophy of Fiction." Otherwise he is more concerned with the technique than the philosophy of fiction, a preference which I confess to sharing. The idea is that the catastrophe that has befallen the art of fiction is the loss of the *deus ex machina*. This sounds like a paradox. One has been in the habit of thinking the *deus ex machina* a cheap expedient. When your plot became too much for you, you called in a deity to cut it like the Gordian knot. But that is not the idea of it which Mr. Overton expounds.

Fiction, he says, is the earliest form in which knowledge was shaped, and plot is the oldest thing in fiction. The primitive plot had always a deity in its machinery. The Old Testament is a collection of historical arrangements where no plot is solved until deity has spoken. In Greek drama, it was both a solving device, and a divine epiphany without which the catharsis would be incomplete. As a solving device, the modern representative of the *deus ex machina*, is the *homo ex machina*, the Olympian sleuth of the detective story. But the great loss is not the device but the emotional outlet. "After the rational faculty had expurgated deity, the thoroughly finite novel came into existence and the original structure of plot crumpled to pieces." In all the different kinds of novels which he analyzes he is showing or implying the lack of, or the search for, that lost epiphany; the search for some mysterious justice which must be somewhere, for some crevasse opening into infinity, some way of turning a great wrong into music, of cleansing the soul of littleness, meanness, everydayness; something that does not altogether leave us to the mercies of a world of rubbish, futile as a clock without hands, "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Shakespeare achieves a certain epiphany by the breadth of his moral gesture. Conscience has sometimes been the *deus ex machina*. In the romantic novel it is usually the unconquerable zest for life which redeems those who find redemption. "The augustness of older fiction—the investiture of accident and design, that were in themselves miracle and meaning almost regardless of the actors —hangs broodingly over the people of 'Les Miserables' and over the principals of 'Victory,' because neither Hugo nor Conrad was one to subscribe tamely to finitude." The sentimental novel is a Freudian complex. Having no adequate outlet, obstructed emotion makes a swamp, as a childless woman becomes sentimental over a lapdog. The realistic novel has made a gospel of its own desolation.

In the six or eight English modern novels which Mr. Overton analyzes at length, he is seeking, and seems to find in all of them, a sense of this need; an intention latent, or immanent, or eventual; a gesture toward infinity, a something lifting the realism out of its valley of dry bones. Miss Cather's "A Lost Lady" means a young man's ideal, struck down but nevertheless tempering the quality of the man. Conrad's "Nostromo" distils into a large social prophesy. In Bojer's "Great Hunger" the *deus ex machina* is the spirit of man, who must, can, and does create his own redemption and divinity. The characters of "Wuthering Heights" move in an alien dimension and the air about them is thunderous. There is a great tidal movement of deep waters in Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Mr. Forster's "Passage to India" is latently a fable. "Moby Dick" has, in part, the true purge of Greek drama, the emotion of ancient fiction and the bosom ridded of its perilous stuff. How it does it is none too clear. It is both a contest and a song, and yet there seems to be no spiritual theme. Its magnificence is intrinsic.

Unless one is a dogmatic realist, and acclimatized if not assimilated to his dry bones, he will probably admit there is something in Mr. Overton's idea. The doctrine is too old to be altogether mistaken.

Whatever one may think theologically or cosmically, if he can look esthetically at that drama of the universe and of humanity within it, which to Bunyan was no fiction at all—if he can think of it for a moment simply as a plot, he must admit it a terrific plot. Great races, through centuries of desperate search, distilled and poured into it their force and their character, and we are members and inheritors of those races. We can change our opinions by taking thought, and our beliefs or creeds so far as they are opinions; but the part which consists of racial and inherent character we cannot change by taking thought. Christendom is a civilization. Kind answers to kind as deep to deep. Nearly all of us who look back on a life of any varied interest can hear experience echoing, here and there, now faintly, now resonantly, to the Pilgrim's. We too have known something of the Slough of Despond, have run into trouble by following the advice of a worldly wisdom that had its own interests up its sleeve, have knocked pitifully at wicket gates and been shot at from behind, have known kind old Interpreters who helped us to understand, have been in beautiful houses and chambers of peace, and there met women out of whose presence we seemed to go new armed and singing to fight with any outrage that came next. At some point or other one is apt to come to the

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-1928. By Arthur Colton

sense of his inadequacies as a burden on his back which he cannot shake off, at some point or other to have a glimpse from high hills of something shining, and certainly at the end he will go down with wistful steps into cold waters.

The book is human and charged with reality. The protagonist is an average sort of man, rather muddle-headed, but with a good zest for going on; capable of being afraid, and of pulling himself together at a crisis. His spirits are very much dependent on circumstances, and he loves to argue. The plot is also proportioned and complete.

But as to Mr. Overton's epiphany, it is here neither ultimate nor latent, but omnipresent and on top. There is too much epiphany. It is flooded with destiny and interpreted step by step. The *deus* is the whole machine. Infinity is not glimpsed through a crevasse; it is the substance and atmosphere of the story.

From latent symbol to allegory is a question of degree. Probably we call any story an allegory where the intention is always in view, where we are meant never to forget that the story is only a means to another end. It is an acrobatic performance, at which the imagination balks and lies down. The magic of good narrative can carry a large weight of intention without distress, if the pack is well adjusted. All Ibsen's plays are tendency. The intention of the "Master Builder" projects into the story and distracts conviction. But allegory intends to distract it. It sins without remorse. "All allegories," says Stevenson, "have a tendency to escape from the purpose of their creators; the mortal tends to fall into neglect." His sympathies are with the allegory, with Bunyan's allegory, which, "poor nymph, although never forgotten, is sometimes rudely shoved against the wall." He is troubled by the inconsistencies that arise when energy of vision breaks through the shell, and produces plain spoken and substantial men and women who forget to be wholly symbolic; when By Ends and Timorous speak with accents of William and Peter. But my sympathies are all with the ancient rights of narrative, with the burdened story rather than with the sometimes forgotten allegory. It is the energy of vision that makes the thing live. There is no magic in allegory, but there is in narrative. Bunyan's inconsistencies are both frequent and evident, both particular and general. The whole physical journey is an imperfect symbol of the spiritual. It is odd of Christian physically to run away absorbed in his own safety and abandon his family in the doomed city; but spiritually it only represents the personal nature of the great adventure as the Puritan saw it. The Second Part of "Pilgrim's Progress' is Bunyan's compunction on the point and attempt to cover it. I do not mind inconsistencies. I mind—when a fictional person has achieved personality, when I begin to hear his footsteps and see the hat on his head—I mind being reminded that he is only a symbol, his character a formula and his disaster a parable. Allegory weighs down, but epiphany lifts up. Allegory hangs over the story like a fog bank; the ideal epiphany rises from it like an exhalation from a fertile land, to gather in casual cloud formations or crimson sunset; or, perhaps better, to be but faintly everywhere like the scent of morning dew.

IV

The only extraordinary thing about Bunyan was his genius. Whatever was unusual in his career came of that genius. The majority of mankind in childhood, and enough of its beacon lights, have known poverty and short schooling. Millions of men have had a gay youth, an early marriage, a period of religious storm and stress followed by "conversion" and substantial citizenship. Eloquent exhorters deeply versed in Scripture abounded among the Ironsides and Covenanters, and many of them went to prison after the Restoration for unpermitted preaching. But they left no documents of their spiritual crisis like "Grace Abounding," whose sinewy reality still breaks through the barriers of obsolete forms and abandoned assumptions. We may read it as a humanist of the Renaissance read Augustine's Confessions, with a sense of repulsion born of changes, reactions, escapes; but the passion of the man burns hot in our alien faces. It leaves us possibly annoyed, or possibly wishing we knew how to put our own vision of reality, somehow, into some form as insistently vital, as bare of all "bunk" or sophistication, with something of that tense sincerity. There is no cant in Bunyan, nor in Augustine, nor in the weeping women who crawl on their knees up the Santa Scala. Innumerable contemporaries of both Augustine and Bunyan had their Holy Wars. Theirs were times of peculiar tumult and trial. But the essential phenomenon is older than history and younger than today. Names and symbols change, interpretations and peculiarities have their day and generation. The thing itself never ceases even in humanistic periods; it only goes underground. Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh called the combatants the Everlasting Yea and Nay. Tolstoy never escaped from its dust and clamor. Most records of the experience are indefinite outlines and illegible details. But the creative imagination is not vague. It

> gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

It kindles the hearth fire and lights the lamps in whatever it inhabits. The house it builds for its recollection stands out warm and lit in the night. Probably both Augustine and Bunyan had circumstantial memories which saw things in pictures charged with emotion. The past rose up at call in vivid scenes. But without the faculty, instinctive or acquired, of vivid words for things seen vividly, memory is but "an unsubstantial pageant faded"; and "leaves not a wrack behind" when the brain that remembers is dust.

Rémy de Gourmont in his essay on "The Disassociation of Ideas" thinks that the immortalities, the earthly and the beyond, are conceptions of the same order, born of a single cause, namely, the impossibility of thinking of oneself as non-existent. *Immortalité au delà*, however, was all that Augustine or Bunyan ever thought of, but *immortalité terrestre* is an absolute term used for a relative thing, and not a conception only but an observable fact. The prolongation of personality, whether for years or centuries, now and then occurs, and a man "being dead yet speaketh." The distinction seems wide enough. De Gourmont was ironically analyzing the tenuous constituents of "that last inferiority of noble minds" which the French call *gloire*, the futility of ambition for mere continuance in the memories of other men. The conceptions may be "born of the same cause," but they are hardly of the same order. Thinking only of the observable fact, however, if we ask what it is that with Bunyan has "turned the trick," the answer would be more satisfactory to De Gourmont than to Bunyan. It seems to be not a moral matter but an esthetic. The Puritan Pilgrim with his eyes on the celestial city has survived, but the Jacobean lyrist with his eyes on his mistress's tumultuous petticoat, he also has survived. No one doubts that the world of Christian piety has had greatly to do with the enormous vogue of "Pilgrim's Progress"—it has been translated into more than seventy languages—but, except in the limbo of hagiology, no one gains that relative and earthly immortality because he is profoundly moral and religious; he gains it because profoundly he can write, or because someone who can do so has written about him. Bunyan was a big, solid, ruddy-faced man, kindly, resolute, of good judgment in affairs, and his ideas moved in the current of his time; but he had an imagination that made a sudden thought seem to him like a voice from the stars, stopping his heart beat and dinning in his ears; that made him speak of the parting from his wife and children as like "tearing the flesh from my bones." He had an instinct for strong solid words that stick like a nail rusted into an oak panel. His genius has a family likeness to that of his almost contemporaries, Swift and Defoe, who wrote the other two books that rival the "Pilgrim" for the leadership among children's perennial classics. Their common magic is a blending of realism and strangeness, the plainly told adventures of plain men in an amazing world.

V

There are several ways, then, of looking at "Pilgrim's Progress" with interest, even for those to whom Bunyan's theology is a desert of dry bones. One, from the point of view of later life, is to notice that in its own peculiar way it is a transcript from experience of pretty general validity. It rings more than one tolling bell in the memory.

In another aspect, especially in the early part of one's pilgrimage, it appears to be a story of adventure, of peril and strange incident, ending properly in a gleaming gold city on a hill. Possibly every thrilling or peculiar incident in it was born in Bunyan's mind as a moral situation or theological distinction. He wanted to tempt erring souls into the way of salvation, as Jonathan Swift wanted to vent his disgust and satirize his kind; and both achieved an *immortalité terrestre* by fascinating the dreaming soul of childhood generation after generation. Bunyan intended nothing but epiphany, and Swift intended none at all; but the child extracts his own epiphany, and very much the same kind, from both. It is this aspect to which I would pay the main tribute of interest and affection.

But there is a third aspect which is both biographical and literary. At his best Bunyan was a great writer. I can no more read his treatises and sermons than I can read the spidery arguments of medieval schoolmen. For "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman" I care not very much, for "The Holy War" not at all. But "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Grace Abounding" are transcripts from the depths of John Bunyan; and through all the dust of time and change they are still able not only to turn the minds of men growing older to paths of meditation, but to rouse in literary critics, jaded by innumerable books, an admiration of their imaging power and perdurable style.

Arthur Colton, author of the foregoing article, is a novelist, poet, and essayist. Among his works are "The Delectable Mountains," "The Debatable Land," and "Harps Hung Up in Babylon." He appends to his study of Bunyan the following bibliographical material:

The best edition of Bunyan's complete works seems to be Offor's, revised, in six volumes, 1862. It is possibly also as procurable as any. John Brown's Bunyan, 1885, is still the chief biography, and has lately been reprinted with valuable notes. (Hulbert Pub. Co., London.) "The wonderful little pictures" in the Bagster edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" (1845) were designed—so a footnote to Scribners' Stevenson informs us—by Eunice Bagster, the publisher's daughter, except the Apollyon designs by her brother, Jonathan Bagster. Knowing the fact one can see the difference. Jonathan has a touch of grim humor and sees rocks more realistically than his sister.

The tercentenary of Bunyan's birth has produced a number of biographical commentaries, among them: "John Bunyan, a Study of Personality," by G. B. Harrison (Doubleday, Doran), which traces his development in the evidence of his writings, supplemented by the manuscript record called "Church Book of Bunyan Meeting"—"Tinker and Thinker," by William Hamilton Nelson (Willett, Clark and Colby, Chicago), which the publishers elect to call "robust and lively" and which is at any rate honest and earnest. "The Life and Writing of John Bunyan," by Harold E. B. Speight (Harper). The best of Professor Speight's contribution is the discussion of the antecedents of "Pilgrim's Progress," the old popularity of allegory, the device of the dream, the idea of life as a pilgrimage and the circumstances of medieval pilgrimages, the possible echoes here and there from broadsheet ballads and Elizabethan poetry. The best detailed analysis and commentary on the "Progress" is still, however, John Kelman's "Road of Life." 2 vol., 1911.

A more notable recognition of the tercentenary than any of these is the facsimile reproduction of the "Church Book of Bunyan Meeting, 1650-1821" (Dutton), folio, limited to six hundred numbered copies. This Church Book, hitherto in manuscript, has enabled commentators to see—what was presumable beforehand—that Bunyan drew his realism from the realities of people he had intimately known.

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Books of Special Interest

Romance of Schoolkeeping

BETTER SCHOOLS. By CARLETON WASHBURNE and MYRON M. STEARNS. New York: The John Day Company. 1928.

Reviewed by A. GORDON MELVIN
College of the City of New York

CHILDREN cry to go to school at Winnetka, and no wonder! When I visited the public schools of that Chicago suburb I discovered the reason why; and that reason is the personality of Dr. Washburne. I found him, and all the teachers and children under his care, enjoying themselves thoroughly. He took me off with him to see an "invention" of one of his sixth grade boys. When we entered the room the youngsters slipped from their places and came beaming to welcome Dr. Washburne. He asked one boy how his lame knee was getting on, another when his father would get home from his trip East. When the stir of pleasure in the room passed, the blinds were pulled down and the newly devised "color-scope," constructed and demonstrated by its young "inventor," threw on a screen patterns of red, yellow, and blue. All this going on in school, yet these children could spell and read and write as well as or better than usual for their grade.

I have visited a thousand schoolrooms in many parts of the world, yet I feel that Dr. Washburne's is one of the greatest schoolroom personalities I have met. Consequently it was with more than usual interest that I opened the covers of his book on "Better Schools." But there is less here about Winnetka than I had hoped to find. The book was written in collaboration with a professional journalist, Mr. Stearns. The co-authors have given an account somewhat lacking in dignity, yet pleasantly readable and adapted to hold the lay interest. We might have been spared the alarmist warning of the opening chapter that our civilization may be tottering.

The other day I was talking to the sort of man who ought to read this book. He is an engineer who built one of the tunnels under the East River. He has little faith in education and hopes that if the schools make any improvements that they will teach the three R's more and better! He cited a single instance of a young man in his office who could not figure a "hydrostatic," whatever that is. This engineer has not been in a school for forty years, and when he was there he learned the threee R's, but failed to learn not to generalize from a single case. He, and the thousands like him, would read of "Better Schools" with amazement and delight.

This is a book frankly reportorial. It makes no attempt to tell what ought to be done, but recounts many a fascinating story of what has actually been done in the newer schools from California to New York. It is a human book, which tells about our great living schoolmen, who they are, and how they have won their battles in the cause of public education.

This method of reporting rather than advocating is admirable for the purpose of revealing the strength and weakness of present-day educational trends. The book makes one feel that the greatest single advance in education during the past twenty years is the realization of ignorance on the part of educators, with a resulting determination to base school practice on knowledge rather than opinion. It is encouraging to find teachers saying for the first time that "we don't really know what children should be taught." On the other hand, without intending to do so, the book clearly reveals a most unfortunate fundamental fallacy of current American education. This fallacy is the giving of preëminence to school administration and school administrators. Time after time the book gives evidence that America is trying to solve her educational problems by discovering some remarkable school administrator, paying him a huge salary, and turning the school system over to him. Schoolkeeping is becoming a business. The administrator is not, however, and never should be, the key of the educational arch. That key is the training school for teachers. The United States is putting the emphasis upon school administration and neglecting the training of teachers. The result of this error is the springing up of educational formulæ, or schemes, of *plans, techniques,* or *methods.* This is at best an artificial method of improvement. It is better teachers that make better schools.

Our Calendar

NEW YEAR'S DAY: THE STORY OF THE CALENDAR. By S. H. HOOKE. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by MARGARET LADD FRANKLIN

THE series to which this little book of seventy-seven pages belongs is called "The Beginning of Things"—a well conceived idea, and well mapped out. G. *Elliot Smith,* the editor, contributes a volume on "Mythical Monsters: The Meaning of Symbolism"; H. S. Harrison writes a brief history of ceramics; Evelyn Sharp gives "The Story of the Dance," etc. The present volume is of special interest just now; calendar reform is becoming a live issue, and before a new calendar is inaugurated it would be well for us all to know something about how our present one came into being.

The making of calendars is not a mere matter of the acquisition of mathematical and astronomical knowledge and the application of that knowledge in a practical way for practical ends. It was, to be sure, through the study of mathematics and astronomy that any forecast of seasons, any orderly record of past events, became possible; but few besides anthropologists guess to what an extent, in early civilizations, the need of a handy method of measuring time was obliged to subordinate itself to the dictates of magic and religion. The priestly class generally did its best to make a sacred mystery of the succession of the seasons, partly because its own power depended to some extent on a monopoly of such knowledge, partly because of the fear lest the knowledge be disseminated among other nations, the nation in question thus losing the advantage of superior judgment as to when to plant, when to set sail, etc. Mr. Hooke emphasizes, too, "the influence of the belief —whether pertaining to religion or to magic—that all cosmic phenomena, the seasons, the movements of the heavenly bodies, eclipses, thunder, lightning, and rain, the growth of vegetation, and the reproduction of animal life, are capable of being controlled by human action"; and he concludes: "Hence the calendar becomes the fixing of the order and recurrence of the human activities required to maintain the cosmic order in a course convenient to man." The attitude of the ancient priest toward the new moon, or the new year, seems to have been much like that of Chanticleer toward the rising sun: Chanticleer crowed, the priest prayed, and the order of the universe was preserved.

And yet what right have we to cast a supercilious glance at the ancients and their calendars? Imagine the outcry in Mississippi and Arkansas—and not there only—if the scientists were to propose the abandonment of the sacred week, the symbol of a six-day creation! Even the thirteen-month year sponsored by Eastman and others will doubtless meet with a deal of opposition from the bibliolaters; for it involves starting over again each year with an extra day that belongs to no week whatever, and adding still another lone day every leap-year, thus doing violence to the assurance that we are continuing to commemorate creation Sunday on every seventh day. As for getting rid of the awkward number seven (which, if it must be kept, demands to be multiplied by the no less awkward number, thirteen) and going back to the old Egyptian system of twelve months, each composed of three ten-day periods, with five epogomenal days belonging to no month (to which we should, of course, add another day in leap-year), such a scheme seems hardly to be thought of as a present possibility, in view of the certain opposition of the churches.

Probably the thirteen-month plan is the best one can hope for in the next few centuries. It will at least give us a year of which the smaller divisions are components of the larger. But it is not a device of which an age of reason would be proud.

"Æ" tells us in the *New Statesman* that in Irish school-books the line from Goldsmith,

For talking age or whispering lovers made,

has been altered to "or weary travellers made"—as if it were a crime either to love or to whisper. It is a feat of censorship comparable with that of George Colman (himself no squeamish author) who, as Censor, blacked out the phrase "Heaven forgive her" as blasphemous.

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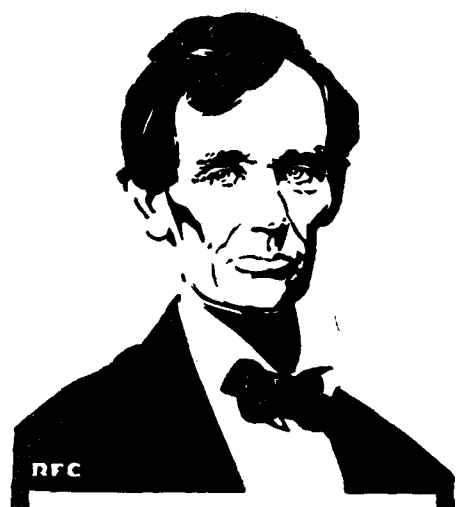

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Contemporary Poets

DICHTER DER GEGENWART. By ADOLF ARMIN KOCHMANN. Berlin: Goten Verlag. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

NOT long since, Kochmann published a book entitled "Was Soll Ich Lesen?" It contained brief biographical and critical sketches of fifty writers who had brought out works between 1825 and 1925. Of the fifty, no fewer than thirty-one were non-German. The publisher had forced the title of the book on Kochmann, who despised it but adopted it, under duress. But little books have their fates: Kochmann's work was received by the critics with unanticipated benevolence, and sold like the proverbial hot-cake.

He follows it up now with the volume before us which contains, in addition to a satisfactory essay on impressionism, expressionism, realism, naturalism, and even Dadaism with samples of the latter, abridged treatises on those modern writers whom the world is reading to-day as well as those who, in the language of the campus, are having difficulty in "crashing through." The sketches are arranged alphabetically. After Galsworthy, who is described as "der repräsentativste Dichter Englands," we take up Kurt Geucke who, though he has written much, will have to speed up if he is ever to be heard beyond the confines of his own bailiwick.

This juxtaposition, however, need disturb no one; and for anyone who wishes to get a tabloid introduction not merely to those who have arrived but also to those who are on their way, Kochmann's is a useful manual. It tells a good deal about Svend Fleuron, the Dane, now known to American readers in translation, comments on the latest from Romain Rolland, sets forth some facts about Giovanni Papini that are not generally known to the readers of his "Life of Christ," tries to push a score of such obscurities as Toni Rothmund, Ernst Weiss, and Helene Brauer to the fore, and contains a robust tribute to Sudermann's "Der Tolle Professor." If read with complete appreciation of the established fact that no one man can control more than one or two literatures, and if used solely as a guide through the bewildering woods of contemporary letters, there is no reason at all to fear that a man will eventually be put to shame for saying now that it is an altogether sensible booklet.

A German Doctor-Poet

GESAMMELTE GEDICHTE. By GOTTFRIED BENN. Berlin: Die Schmiede Verlag. 1928.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

READERS of Babette Deutsche's anthology of "Contemporary German Poetry" must have been arrested by a group of poems of singular force and originality by Gottfried Benn and have wanted to know more of a writer who could produce such concentrated, ghastly realism—the very sounds, sights and odours of a mortuary—and also touch even this with a strange beauty, bring poetry even to the post-mortem table. Such enquirers now have the opportunity of surveying as a whole the work of one whose verse deserves a place in any representative collection of modern German poetry. It is a pity this collected edition lacks any introduction or notes, for it is interesting to consider certain biographical details.

The present collection is arranged, it would seem, in chronological order. This enables the reader to follow Benn's imaginative evolution, from preoccupation with his professional subjects, as we may term them, the sufferers, and the corpses, who came under his attention, until he reached a purer form of poetry, still realistic, still hard and definite in its outlines, but less obsessed with the physical aspect of mankind.

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by ARNOLD ZWEIG

Chosen by The Book-of-the-Month Club for December

Translated from the German by Eric Sutton $2.50

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Points of View

Machinery

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Something over a month ago there was some discussion in *The Saturday Review* about poetic treatment of machinery, and the point was made by Hildegarde Flanner that the age-long forces of Nature will for some time to come have a much stronger hold upon individual and racial experience than can any man-devised machine, however wonderful, and that even in treating such a machine poetically, the poet is very likely to use imagery of nature to give it significance. I believe this is largely true, but it happens that I myself have written some lines on machinery in which the subject stands pretty much upon its own legs. Although always a lover of nature, I suspect that my first love really was machinery, and I wish to quote here two stanzas which are my recollection of how I as a small boy was impressed by a large flouring mill.

How I longed for Monday morning and a trip to Stewart's mill!
And it came as come all marvels when the heart has joined the will.
Nothing ever so impressed me as the mighty Corliss crank
With its polished pitman swinging neatly round without a clank,
And the pick-up valve-gear working like so many crabs of steel,
While as if some mystic spirit—such as none shall e'er reveal—
Moved the governor majestic over all in regal power!
Shall I ever lose that picture or the madness of that hour?
Never till the dark unfathomed brink of time and space exile
Me to undivined existence deaf and blind to old Carlyle.

Nor can I forget the fireman and the boilers hissing hot,
And the startling spit of gage-cock when his poker touched the spot,
Or the pump so slow revolving that you looked to see it stop,
While my joints, they nearly parted if the safety-valve should pop.
Oh, the roaring, glaring furnace and the writhing smoke of stack!
Was there any god or demon like to make so great a wrack?
Did not I attend their thunders roaring in the grinding grain,
Whirling madly belts and pulleys and the noisy clanking chain?
Still I hear the stormy lashings of the stricken grain defile
Through the spouts and bins and hoppers in the mill in old Carlyle.

I'm not ashamed of those lines even if I did write them, and I cannot see wherein they are much indebted to nature. They are indebted to a profound sense of mysterious power, they even touch upon the Infinite, but that is a quality that even the greatest poetry cannot well get on without.

J. C. NICHOLSON.

Vero Beach, Fla.

"Christ" in Greek

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A contributor, Mr. R. D. Tompkins of Detroit, whose letter appears in your issue of December 22nd, has made several assertions challenging certain accepted tenets of Christian faith, tenets resting on foundations at least as solid and respectable as the pagan and apocryphal demonology of Mr. Tompkins himself. It is not difficult to show his assertions remote from that logic and reason he professes to worship, if not wildly irresponsible and absurd. For example:

1. What authority, philological, theological, or any other except the unsupported word of Mr. Tompkins, is there for his statement—"*Christ in Greek equals 666*"? John of Patmos would have been astonished at it. Greek is an exact, an expressive, and an unambiguous language. The Greek word "Christ" has a definite, ascertained meaning as a hieratic title, signifying the "divine man," or "divine image and likeness," the "anointed one," or him whom God has "sanctified." John throughout the Apocalypse uses it in that sense. Paul, and the Apostles and Evangelists, who wrote in the Greek, all employed the term "Christ" in this sense. Nowhere can any other meaning Creator, Heavenly Father, the Almighty, Eternal, Infinite," but "Christ" is one of the few words in the language that has no synonyms reflecting the full sense or meaning of the word, and is therefore a scientific term, singularly clear and lucid and free from confusion. "Christ" does not equal 666 in the Greek or any other language. As well might Mr. Tompkins claim that "Christ" in the Greek equals "triangle" or "parellellepipidon" or "bushel basket." Moreover, if by any chance the term "Christ" in the Greek had possessed the meaning of the number 666, John would have been very careful to guard against using it in that sense, or identifying it with "the number of the beast"; for, if John makes one thing clear and emphatic it is the eternal enmity between "the Christ" and the beast.

But, on the other hand, it is significant and prophetic that John did identify the number of the beast with the number of a man. Such a man arose in the course of the centuries, who claimed for himself the Latin title of "*Vicarius Filii Dei*," as the Pope of Rome. That title contains the number 666, as Mr. Tompkins can easily verify by *counting* the Roman numerals embodied in the words (which John bids him that hath understanding to do). DCLVVIIIIII — 666. One wonders whether Mr. Tompkins has mistaken this Latin title for Greek, and somehow confused its meaning with "Christ," the Son of God, thereby falling into the hideous error of assuming and asserting that "*Christ in Greek equals* 666!"

2. Citing Rev. xviii, 1-2, Mr. Tompkins *explains:* "Babylon the Great (great confusion) is the Church of Christ." He might have come nearer the truth had he said "churches." John makes *that* distinction in the opening of the Apocalypse. The Church of Christ is not the same thing as the erring and warring *churches.* John typifies *The Church* by the beautiful figure of "The Bride," while denouncing Babylon as "the mother of harlots," the "scarlet woman" sitting on the seven hills (Rome), and "the city clothed in scarlet." All these figures of speech were as clearly understood by those for whom John wrote as if one to-day should in referring to Boston call it "The Hub," or speak of New York as "Gotham."
3. In his assumed character of *Appollyon,* Mr. Tompkins says that—"Christ the Chaotic *is* chaotic is *proved* by the self-contradictory teachings of his shouting 'sheep'." It rather proves how little Mr. Tompkins understands the meaning of the term "Christ," since he uses it only in its reversed sense of anti-Christ. There is one test whereby Christ Jesus and his disciples might be known, that they are of one mind and love one another. When Mr. Tompkins has opened his mind and understanding to divine Love, then he will be in a better position to play the part of exegetist of the Scriptures. C. C. P.

Babbitt, More, *et al.*

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Some time ago, in these columns, I deplored Mary M. Colum's failure to explain her assertion that "It would be very easy to show that Mr. Paul Elmer More has far more of a tendency towards Romanticism than towards Classicism." In your issue of December 15, I find H. M. Kallen accusing both "Messrs. Babbitt and More" of offering romanticism in the guise of classicism and humanism. I wish that Mrs. Colum or Mr. Kallen, or some other like-minded person, would take the trouble to write a full explanation of this charge, giving the necessary definitions and frankly stating his initial assumptions. This might prove of real service to the growing number of young moderns who perceive the chaos to which the old "naturism" leads and are looking for some constructive programme, such as that of the new "humanism," which seeks to avoid chaos without surrendering human reason.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

The fourth and last issue of Ezra Pound's *Exile* has been published. The contributors were: William Carlos Williams, Robert McAlmon, Louis Zukofsky, Benjamin Peret, Carl Rakosi, Falkoff-Kliorin. The magazine may be obtained from Covici-Friede of this city.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

OLD SEA PAINTINGS, the Story of Maritime Art as Depicted by the Great Masters. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Dodd, Mead. 1928.

In this handsome in quarto a good yachtsman and amateur of ship pictures has produced an interesting book, while merely gleaning at the edges of his theme. He is thorough only in the Dutch school, very scanty in the earlier period, while from the early eighteenth century to the present he perforce uses mostly the better class of commercial ship pictures, none of which of course bear out the promise of "great masters" in the subtitle. A little consultation of Ambrosio Lorenzetti, Spinello Aretino, and the Florentine Cassone painters would have helped the early chapter, and Salvator Rosa and Magnasco would have enriched the seventeenth century series. In short, a little research would have made a much better book. As it is, it will be welcome on yacht club and houseboat tables.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTING. By MAURICE RAYNAL, translated by RALPH ROEDER. Brentano's. 1928.

From the confusing mass of modernist painters in France M. Raynal has selected fifty "who have sought to enrich the technic of their art and realize new conceptions of painting." This equating of novelty with merit is clearly a poor standard for esthetic judgment, and the anthology made on this basis is naturally of singularly uneven quality. An introductory essay subdivides the school minutely, so elaborately indeed that it is evident that there is no coherent school at all, but merely so many diverging types of revolt against the Renaissance dogma of art as imitation of nature. There follows an alphabetical catalogue with biographical notices of the painters and citations from their sayings or writings about their ideals of work. This feature is very convenient for reference and introduces a number of interesting painters who are unknown or nearly so even to the up-to-date American amateur. At the end are about one hundred good half-tone cuts, generally two for each artist, alphabetically presented. In translation, M. Raynal is hard reading, but the well-made book is so conveniently arranged that the student will want it as a supplement to his Coquiot.

Drama

THE PLAYERS' BOOK OF ONE ACT PLAYS. First series. McKee. $3 net.

TEN ONE ACT PLAYS. By *Lee Anderson*. McKee. $2.50.

GOIN' HOME. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

HIS MAJESTY. By *Harley Granville-Barker*. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE JAPANESE DRAMA. By *Frank Alanson Lombard*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

TWO ANGLO-SAXON PLAYS. By *Lion Feuchtwanger*. Viking. $2.50.

GODS OF THE LIGHTNING. By *Maxwell Anderson* and *Harold Nickerson*. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

LITTLE PLAYS FROM GREEK MYTHS. By *Marie Oller* and *Eloise K. Dawley*. Century. 84 cents.

CAROLINA FOLK-PLAYS. By *Frederick H. Koch*. Holt. $2.50.

THE STORY OF THE THEATRE. By *Glenn Hughes*. French. $5.

Fiction

THE GREAT HORN SPOON. By EUGENE WRIGHT. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $4.

If credibility is made the sole consideration, "The Great Horn Spoon" will prove a stiff dose for many readers who will be convinced that Mr. Wright has taken his cue from the "romancing lad" of his title-page. But about its breathless readability there is no possible doubt whatever, from the moment the author makes an imperturbable attempt to steer the *S. S. Hyacinth* out of New York harbor (the first time he had ever set foot on a bridge) until we leave him in Bagdad with all his goals behind him. "Borneo I had won, Oman I had won, Flores, Persia, and the Cave of Shapur I had won. They were mine for ever; and no matter how many people saw them hereafter, they would always be mine: for I had suffered with them, I had given myself to them. And suffer he did, from Dengue fever in Calcutta, some "devastating fever" (unindentified) in Flores, and always the sweet if perilous pain of danger, from thirst, bandits, poisoned darts, and starvation. Here, if ever, is the time for a willing suspension of belief and the meed of attention due an accomplished storyteller who is more interested in describing the adventure in hand than in glorifying his own share in it.

MURDER MANSION. By HERMAN LANDON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $2.

This is one of those stories in which the author, determined that something startling shall happen in every chapter, lets nothing come between him and his purpose. If it is unreasonable for a character to have said this, done that, or suppressed the other, and if such unreasonableness will hatch out the desired chapteral surprise, then overboard with the character's sanity. And, say what you will about the story, Mr. Landon did what he set out to do: "Murder Mansion" has its full share of acrobatics.

It deals with young Donald Chadmore, who came home from a western penitentiary, was shadowed by a man with no eyebrows, imprisoned by a man with a silky voice, frightened by a horrible face, called "big boy"—oh, how many times!—by a childhood sweetheart, accused of murder by a district attorney, bequeathed a haunted house and a family curse by a murdered uncle, and finally brought to wealth, happiness, and freedom from suspicion by loyal servitors. None of the properties of this sort of tale is omitted: all the old company is here, even to the cryptic message on time-yellowed paper.

MURDER ISLAND. By WYNDHAM MARTYN. McBride. 1928. $2.

This is a dull, naïve, and very transparent mystery. A mysterious English millionaire, Mr. Artee, buys an inaccessible island off the coast of Maine, renames it Murder Island, and invites an oddly assorted lot of guests to the house he builds there. He tells his guests ghost stories and some of them are murdered. If you haven't guessed most of it by page 40 the chances are you're not getting enough sleep.

GOLD BULLETS. By *Charles C. Booth*. Morrow. $2.

THE SNAKE PIT. By *Sigrid Undset*. Knopf.

TRANSPORT. By *Isa Glenn*. Knopf.

VICTORY. By *Ricarda Huch*. Knopf. $3.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

G. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., is advised by a correspondent to give the boy of fourteen interested in flying Merrill Hamburg's "Beginning to Fly" (Houghton Mifflin).

THIS would have been included in the original list had not the call been for information about full-sized airplanes. However, this book, which is an admirable manual showing how to build and fly the best model planes, is endorsed by manufacturers and pilots, written by the Secretary of the Airplane Model League of America, and started off with a preface by Richard E. Byrd. *M. S., New York*, adds to the list of fantasies Dowson's "The Pierrot of the Minute," Oliphant Down's "The Maker of Dreams," Milne's "The Ivory Door," Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," and Housman's "Prunella," and says that possibly there might also be included Barrie's "Mary Rose," Vernon Lee's "Ariadne in Mantua," and Pinero's "The Enchanted Cottage."

W. M. H., Tampico, Mexico, asks for a book on contract bridge consisting particularly of a number of sample hands showing their correct method of bidding and playing.

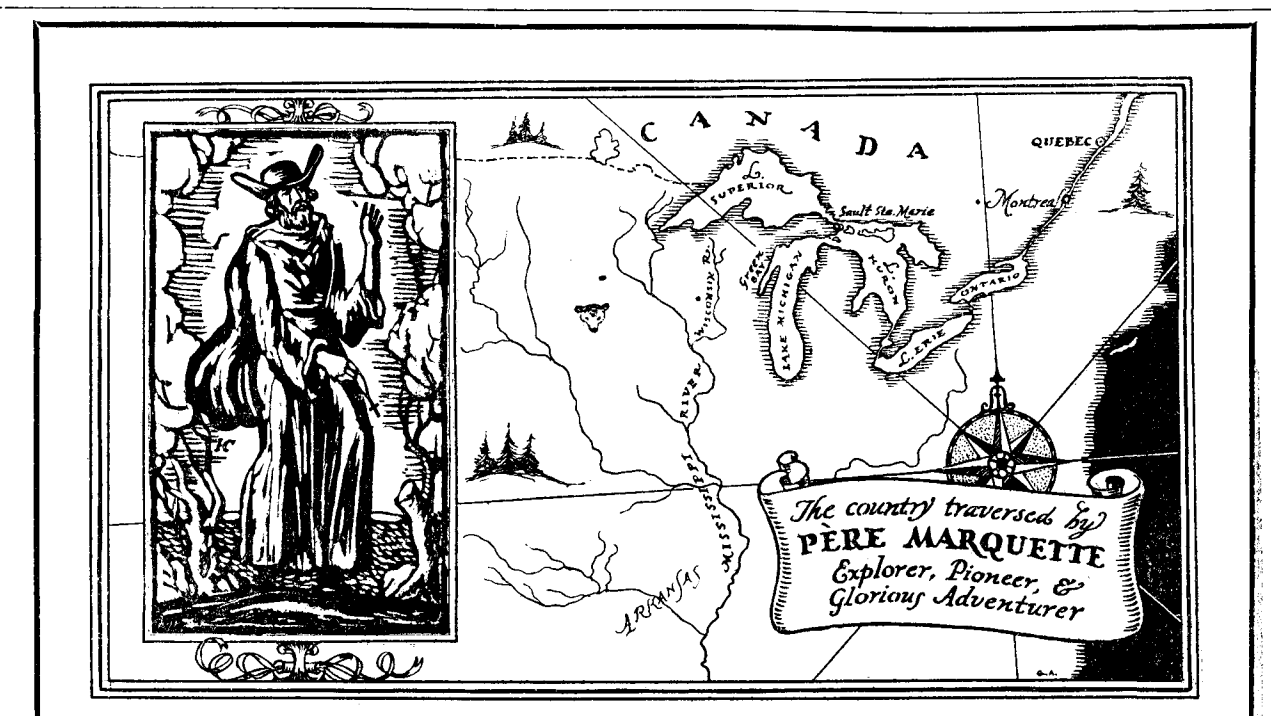
THE very latest to appear is "Contract Bridge Standards," by Wilbur C. Whitehead (Stokes), whose "Auction Bridge Standards" and "Whitehead's Complete Auction Bridge" are generally conceded high authority. Mr. Whitehead is Chairman of the National Championship Contract Bridge Committee. Other recent and well-received manuals are "Lenz on Contract Bridge" (Simon & Schuster); "Contract Bridge," by M. C. Work (Winston); "Auction and Contract Bridge," by E. S. Warren (Houghton, Mifflin); "Contract Bridge," by R. F. Faster (Greenberg), and Farrelly and Coleman's "Contract Bridge" (iLveright).

E. S. O., Bertrand, Nebraska, needs a good costume book, not expensive, to use in connection with sewing classes and for collateral work in history, dressing dolls to represent different periods and types.

"STAGE COSTUMING," by Agnes Brooks Young (Macmillan), is by the Costume Director of the Cleveland Playhouse, and having lately witnessed what this establishment can do in the way of a costume play, I am the more ready to advise this practical, detailed book of advice. It has outline drawings and actual patterns—ready to enlarge—for costumes from Egyptian times through 1840. Besides, there is any amount of information on costume devices of all sorts, and a good bibliography besides.

W. L. K., Lesterville, South Dakota, asks for the best history of the world, the best history of the Civil War, the best history of this war from the Southern standpoint, and the best history of the Southern prison camps in the war.

THE brief history of the world that I consider the best as an introduction to the subject for the general reader is Lynn Thorndike's "Short History of Civilization" (Crofts). The "History of the Civil War," by J. F. Rhodes (Macmillan), is a standard work of high value. I do not know of an equally important general history "from a southern standpoint," but no study of the period would be complete without the memoirs of General Longstreet, "From Manassas to Appomattox" (Lippincott), which has detailed accounts of campaigns and battles. I do not know of any book given entirely to a history of prison camps in the Civil War, and I believe if there ever was one it must have been long out of print, as even the personal reminiscenses are now hard to come by: "A Prisoner of War in Virginia," by G. H. Putnam (Putnam) is in print, and there are the experiences in "Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War" (Century). But there is an important recent work, "Prisoners of War," by Major Herbert C. Fooks (Stowell, Federalsburg, Maryland) which is a history of the subject from the earliest times through the World War, with which it is mainly concerned. This has some data about prisoners in the Civil War and in its bibliography there is a list of books used by the author, some of which, he tells me upon inquiry, deal solely with prisoners of war.



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Christmas Books

EACH Christmas sees a few fine books printed for private distribution, but unfortunately, owing to the very private nature of most of these issues, they seldom come to the reviewer's desk. This year two or three which have come to me merit attention.

The most elaborate one is "The Christmas Trail," including besides that sketch, two others, "The Road from Jerusalem to Galilee," and "The Most Dramatic City in the World," all from the pen of Frederick L. Collins, and originally published in the ***Woman's Home Companion.*** Mr. Rudge and his associates at Mount Vernon have given the collection a very lovely dress, and have reproduced the excellent pictures by Howard McCormick. The illustrations have been done in soft tint, and besides, the title-page is printed in red and black. The binding is in scarlet paper boards, with gold stamping. Altogether a handsome book and a handsome gift—limited, unfortunately to six hundred copies.

From the American Book Bindery comes what is, so far as I have seen, one of the best examples of modern printing fitted to the subject—the little poem called "Christmas Tree," written by e e cummings (to give him his own capitalization!) in quite intelligible verse, even if vagaries of spacing and lack of capital letters are all his own. It will puzzle a bibliographer to describe the typography of the little book, but it will serve to hint at the format to say that the verses all stand on their beam's-ends, and the frontispiece is a sheet of silver paper! Mr. S. A. Jacobs has done a most amusing bit of typographic jugglery—has achieved jazz typography by a really clever manipulation of type and rules.

If typographic vagaries are hard to describe, how shall I indicate, without giving away a good thing, the manifold excellencies of "A Full and True Account of the Prodigious Experiment brought to Perfection in Boston at Father Burke's Academy, to the Glory of God, the Propagation of Truth and the Suppression of Venery," which has issued at Christmas from the Marchbanks Press? The author hides behind the name on the title-page of "Theophilus Cossart, D.D., K.C.," but the accurate, scholarly, intimate "Short Life of Father Burke" is from the Irish department of Montague Glass. The procedure at the "Academy" will undoubtedly interest the noble company of censors at Boston, who have not been able to deprive me of the fun of reading this tract and pondering its moral,

They're through with vicious ways and sinful
Who've known the worst, and had a skinful.
R.

THE Jerome Kern sale, the first part of which (A-J) too place from the seventh through the tenth of January inclusive, promised to be the most important from every point of view of the present season. It is, of course, difficult to speak of the library in its entirety, but at least it is obvious that Mr. Kern had no one overwhelming interest in forming his collection; he cared for presentation copies, letters, and manuscripts, whether they were written by Daniel Defoe or Joseph Conrad. The Brownings, Byron (55 items), Lewis Carroll, Defoe, Dickens (113 items), Fielding, Gay, Goldsmith (39 items), Hardy, Thomas Heywood, and Dr. Johnson with Boswell, take up the greater part of this present catalogue, together with almost everyone else who, with the exception of Conrad, lived and wrote between 1599 and 1900. There is no unity, no single idea behind the collection as a whole: certain sections are richer and larger than others, but it is never possible to center the interest on one person or group. The sale catalogue itself is a distinct disappointment; wretchedly proof-read and punctuated, it abounds in hyperboles and over-statements, repetitions of "Very rare," "Most important copy known," "Of the utmost rarity," all printed in larger, blacker type, until the impression is firmly fixed in the reader's mind that the female stenographers and cataloguers of the Anderson Galleries went off into such violent ecstacies when the Kern books arrived that their work was done in a state of hysteria. After all, there is no necessity for saying "Very rare in this uncut state" of Coleridge's "Remorse," 1813, for example; intelligent collectors know that *any* uncut copy of a book published unbound is rare in its original condition, and, therefore, to them, such incessant harping upon the obvious merely leads to boredom or scepticism. There is no question of the fineness and interest of the Kern Library: it is remarkable in many ways, but over-emphasis adds neither to its importance nor to its distinction.

It is extremely hard to summarize the most interesting volumes. Jane Austen is represented by copies of all her novels in the original boards, together with an autograph letter to her sister, Cassandra; there are letters and original drawings by Aubrey Beardsley; the autograph manuscript, signed, of Max Beerbohm's "De Natura Barbatulorum"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," 1869; Boswell's "Life," "a superlative uncut copy; excessively rare," and his "No Abolition of Slavery," 1791; "Jane Eyre," 1847, together with several letters of Charlotte Brontë's; many Browning volumes of unusual interest, such as presentation copies from Elizabeth Barrett to her mother and William Wordsworth; a copy of "Pauline" in the original boards, "Paracelsus" corrected in Browning's autograph and presented to Frederick Locker; Fanny Burney's "Evelina," 1778, and a letter from her to Mrs. Thrale; the "Kilmarnock" Burns, 1786, with eight lines of manuscript in his handwriting; Samuel Butler complete; the autograph manuscript of Byron's "Childish Recollections," written on twenty-seven pages,—"Hours of Idleness," 1807, large paper copy, uncut,—the original autograph manuscript of several stanzas of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto 3,—first editions of all his publications,—the manuscripts of Cantos XIV and XV of "Don Juan," "The Dream," and "Marino Faliero"; presentation copies of Thomas Carlyle; the 1865 "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"; Coleridge; the manuscripts of Conrad's "Youth" and "Under Western Eyes"; Cruikshank; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," 1719, in contemporary binding; a presentation copy of De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater"; Dickens, including a "perfect Pickwick in parts" according to Mr. J. C. Eckel, with so many lush descriptions by the cataloguers and such a cloud of illustrations of presentation inscriptions that the reader is completely bewildered; John Donne; Lord Alfred Douglas; Drayton; Dryden; "Tom Jones," 1749, "such another copy cannot exist"; Gay; George IV's original exercise book; Gissing; Goldsmith's "Vicar," 1766; "She Stoops," in the original blue wrappers,—"Haunch of Venison," 1766, "Goody Two Shoes"; Gray's "Elegy"; Hallam's "Poems," the privately printed first edition; Hardy's "Desperate Remedies," 1871,—the original manuscript of twelve chapters of "A Pair of Blue Eyes,"—the 1903 "Dynasts," and several presentation copies of the novels; Hawthorne's "Fanshawer," 1828; Heywood; A. E. Housman; and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

G. M. T.

Announced for Publication

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Notes

THE Book Club of California has issued as its Christmas publication Ambrose Bierce's "Invocation" read on July 4th, 1888, in San Francisco, and published in the *Examiner* of that city on the 5th. There is a critical introduction by George Sterling and an explanation by Oscar Lewis. The printing has been done by John Henry Nash, the book being a folio of generous size, set in Bodoni type, printed on hand-made paper and bound in marbled cloth boards. There are three hundred copies issued.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 51. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most engaging *original* Valentine for 1929 addressed to the ingenious Editor of this page. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 28th.)

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Sowing the Seeds of THE INNER SANCTUM

Five years ago yesterday an optimistic sign-painter began operations on the eighth floor of Thirty-Seven West 57th Street and in broad, buoyant brush-strokes announced to all and sundry the arrival of a new firm of publishers.

"*Publishers*," exclaimed a procession of six or seven visitors, two of them bearing a horse-shoe floral wreath, "*Publishers*—of WHAT?"

Every time that question was repeated, you could have knocked down the founders with a crow-bar . . . . In their adolescent ecstacy, they refused to be bothered with such details as authors and manuscripts, although a mighty editorial program seethed and clamored in a filing cabinet full of 3 x 5 memorandum sheets.

But the question pressed for an immediate answer. To silence the curious and crush the skeptical, the taller partner of the two—"aye," says TRADER HORN, in a letter from Johannesburg, "there's a short one and a long one, but they're a firm of brothers"—entered the bare and desk-less *Inner Sanctum* five years ago to-day possessed by a Big Idea —all six feet four and a half of him.

That idea is now enshrined for all time in the innermost citadel of *The Inner Sanctum*. It is a 3 x 5 memorandum sheet, dated January 4, 1924. In the upper right hand corner is the classifica- g: *Publication Plans;* beneath -category: *Editorial Idea*, and the simple notation: GET OUT CROSS WORD PUZZLES . . . . The eria.

Sotto voce for question-askers: *The Cross Word Puzzle Books* are now selling more than sixty thousand copies a year . . . . *Series Eleven* is on the current best seller list, *series Twelve and Thirteen* are about ready for the printer.

Following the ancient maxim that pride goeth before a Fall list, *The Inner Sanctum* declared in its *Publishers' Weekly* column of October 27th:

> YOUR CORRESPONDENT maintains that one or more of the following will positively become best sellers:
> *The Technique of the Love Affair*
> *The Art of Thinking*
> *Departure*, [A NOVEL]
> *Cross Word Puzzle Book, Series* 11

The first and third have disappointed the sales department, but the second and fourth have made good in a Great Big Way, *The Art of Thinking* selling more than twenty-one hundred copies a week even after the peak of the holiday fury.

Friends of *The Inner Sanctum* who still feel in a mood to ask, "*Publishers* —OF WHAT?" are cordially invited to address their inquiries to the Catalogue Department, with the assurance that they will receive, post-free, a twenty-four or thirty-two page answer, with the humble and grateful New Year Greetings of

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THE PHOENIX NEST

HINDMOST of the throng we come to congratulate *Donald F. Rose* of Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, who has for the last few years carried on a courageous and amusing enterprise in the shape of the publication of *Stuff and Nonsense, a Magazine of No Importance*. We come hindmost—and the devil take us!—only because we are always dilatory. But from time to time in the past we have mentioned the pleasure we received from the perusal of *Stuff and Nonsense*. We are now congratulating Mr. Rose because with the January issue of the *North American Review* his small monthly magazine will begin to appear within its pages, and will so continue until the millenium or until Pennsylvania goes Democratic. Perhaps you saw or perhaps you missed *Herschel Brickell's* graceful remarks in the December *North American*, welcoming Mr. Rose to his pastures new. As Mr. Brickell says, "There is, too, to be considered the fact that Mr. Rose has more children than any other author in America—contestants of this claim are invited to come forward. The number of the children, ten to be exact, is mentioned in connection with Mr. Rose's skill as a humorist, because it seems to require something bordering on genius to be as consistently funny as Mr. Rose has been in his magazine with the cares of a family as large as his." We agree, heartily. We shall treasure Mr. Rose's valedictory number of *Stuff and Nonsense*, which contains a reprint of the delightful article he recently contributed to the magazine section of the *Herald Tribune* on "The Making of a Critic." He is a humorist who has won advancement not only through the possession of a native gift, but through the exercise of admirable energy. And, despite all the work involved, with *Stuff and Nonsense* he must have had a thoroughly good time. He wrote practically the whole paper himself, from cover to cover, and is as clever in verse as he is in prose. . . .

The last novel of the late *Mary Webb*, "Armour Wherein He Trusted," will be published by E. P. Dutton and Company in the spring. At that time there will also appear reissues of her "Precious Bane," with an introduction by *Stanley Baldwin*, Prime Minister of England; "Gone to Earth," with an introduction by *John Buchan*; "The Golden Arrow," with an introduction by *Gilbert K. Chesterton;* "Seven for a Secret," "The House in Dormer Forest," and her "Poems," with an Introduction by *Walter de la Mare*. . . .

A project international in scope in regard to books on art is being carried on by The Pantheon Series of the Pegasus Press, Harcourt, Brace and Company, of 383 Madison Avenue, being the publishers of their books in America. The purpose is to produce in several languages simultaneously definitive editions of books dealing with art historically or critically by men of international reputation in their particular fields of art. Thus the history of European art will be presented as a consistent unit, in no one language only, for no one coterie. Volumes have already been published in this series and more will appear this spring. Such authorities as *Bernard Berenson, Wilhelm von Bode, Arduino Colasanti, Adolph Goldsmidt, C. Hofsteede de Groot, Raymond Koechlin, Eric Maclagan, Charles R. Morey, W. R. Valeniner, Adolfo Venturi, Paul Vitry*, and *Heinrich Woelfflin*, will contribute to the series. . . .

Pitts Sanborn, for some years music critic of the *Globe*, and now of the *Telegram*, spent six years on his novel "Prima Donna," which will be published this spring by Longmans, Green and Company. Mr. Sanborn is an authority upon opera singing, and in "Prima Donna," he gives the life story of an Ohio girl with a great voice, follows her through her whole career. This should be a work of fiction of unusual insight. . . . .

"English as Experience," *Henry C. Tracy's* discursive volume recently published by Dutton, should serve to sharpen the perception and awake the power of discrimination toward reading in whosoever engages with it. Here is a paragraph that may be quoted to illustrate its not only occasional acumen:

> **Science does not challenge poetry but it does** challenge attitudes that confuse or destroy perception of what is real. We must deny that poetry has anything to say that is subordinate to instinctive and emotional experience, governed by them. This is the confusion of mind that science challenges when it presumes to discount a thing as "poetry." And of course the popular mind continually and habitually falls into this error because it cannot distinguish impulse as art, but considers only its instinctive response. Whatever the poet may be doing, it *will* drag his effects down to the level of its own emotionalism; or if not that to the only other value it knows, which is moral and social uplift, and what used to be called "edification."

"English as Experience," in its sensitive survey of the main features of English poetry and prose, from the eldest to the most modern times will repay the average reader who would avoid academic dryness and wishes a book he can read in an evening. It conveys the enthusiasms of the author for language as the instrument of and the means toward enriched perception of life, the most valuable thing man or woman may acquire on this earth. . . .

Frederick A. Stokes announces that early next fall the firm will publish a modern fairy-tale by *Queen Marie of Roumania*, called "The Magic Doll of Roumania" and written expressly for American children. In it a little American girl is magically transported to Roumania to learn how Roumanian children live. . . .

An excellent illustrated handbook of period furniture by *Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Gould* has just been published by Dodd, Mead and Company. In it a great deal of ground is covered in an admirably concise fashion. It should go up on the reference shelves of all those interested in Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Chippendale, and the other various styles and periods. . . .

William Stanley Braithwaite's anthologies of magazine verse seem to get larger and larger. The latest one, and "yearbook of American poetry of 1928," is another book valuable to the reference shelves, this time of contemporary anthologists and surveyors of the contemporary art. As well as the presentation of the poems themselves it contains a number of useful indices and classifications. . . .

The special presentation edition of "Joseph and His Brethren," by *H. W. Freeman* has but lately been released. Henry Holt and Company made a first printing of 85,000 copies of this novel, and fifteen hundred copies of the first printing were specially bound for distribution among the friends of the Company. *R. H. Mottram*, who wrote "The Spanish Farm" writes the preface. He finds it a book of "no frills," and in it "faithfully portrayed one of the most primitive and outlasting types we possess. . . They are almost dateless." . . . .

Recently the British government bought the birthplace of *Sir James Matthew Barrie* as a literary shrine for the nation. This is a cottage in Kirriemuir, Scotland. Barrie's "Plays" can now be procured in a single volume from Scribner's. . . .

Our reference to the new edition of *Ernest Dowson's* Poems has led to a letter from *Roger Armytage Batley* of 493 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, Canada. The letter inquires as to the correct pronunciation of "Cynara." Mr. Batley says he has always taken it as sounding like Syn-a-ra, with an equal stress on each syllable, but an equally sophisticated person took him to task, averring that it was Syn-*ar*-a. A minor poet decided between them that it was Kin-*ar*-a. As for ourselves, we have always inclined toward the second of these three pronunciations, viz: Syn-*ar*-a, although Mr. Batley may be right at that. We ourselves have always abhorred the hard C; and we doubt very much whether Dowson's ear would have allowed it in his verse.

Robert Hart Lewis, bookman, of 404 Center Street, West Haven, Connecticut, says that if *Father Will Whalen* will turn to the pages of the Publishers Weekly, and to other of the trade papers, and follow the controversy *re* Book-of-the-Month Clubs, he will "draw a quite different conclusion regarding the unusual publicity of a dignified firm of publishers and the newer ones who are crowding the limelight of the papers." He adds that Longmans, Macmillan, etc., are advertising most worthily their books of Catholic origin and interest.

Thanking you very kindly.

THE PHOENICIAN

If you like the story of those adventurous men who explored the Americas, you will like **BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS** (Father of the Indians). Marcel Brion created this vivid biography of one man who dared take the part of the Incas against the Spaniards. *He stands out like a shaft of white light in their black record.*

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Children's Books in 1928

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

THE Reader's Guide is no specialist on children's books, but in the exercise of a vocation that, like a farmer's, forces one to be a specialist on everything, there have gathered around my desk all the important and some of the negligible books for children that have this year appeared, and I have been continually referring, on behalf of one client or another, to the piled and toppling heaps, and continually finding material not only for pleasure, but for thought. For it would be impossible for anyone who thinks about books at all not to find himself forming some comforting general opinions about children's books of this year, the tenth since a concerted effort began to be made in America not only to enlarge their sale, but to improve their quality.

The first improvement that becomes apparent upon a general survey is in production—in typography, in make-up, and especially in illustrations—not in a few outstanding specimens, but all along the line. As long as most of us remember we have had the impressive volumes with which juvenile departments of great publishers have made each its grand gesture, volumes expensive enough to go on the holiday lists of people who say, "When it costs more than five dollars it isn't a book, it's a present." We have this year beautiful books of this sort, but we have also books fair to the eye in a more everyday fashion and at a more familiar price; and we have them illustrated in color, but some of the best of them in black-and-white. This year the woodcut comes into its own; not for the very youngest, for whose new vision color is obviously the thing, but for the age that begins somewhere around the seventh year, the adolescence of childhood, when the fancy wakes and must be fed. At this time of life the finest illustrations in full color may have for an imaginative child the instant appeal and the swift satiety of a fully-furnished doll's house. Let those of us who read "At the Back of the North Wind" in its original form recall how those vignette line-drawings challenged us to complete, with the colors of our own dreams, their clear lines and calling spaces, and how, when at the risk of "spoiling the book," we tried to do so with our water-colors, we gave up because there was in the paint-box no blue to match the sky of our own country, nor any gold fit for a princess's hair. For a child with poetry in his make-up, there is a time when pictures may do too much for him.

This year the littlest reader has scarce passed the stage of colored alphabets, Mother Goose, Beatrix Potter and the exuberant "Happy Hour" booklets bubbling from Macmillan, when he is met by millions of Wanda Gag's curling black-and-white cats, by the beasts accompanying the poems in Mary Britton Miller's "Menagerie," by the noble gallery of "Animals in Black and White" of Eric Fitch Dalglish, by the fantastics of Artzybasheff in "The Fairy Shoemaker," and (for older children) "Ghond the Hunter," and by the strange, poignant tenderness of Pamela Bianco's drawings for the poems of William Blake chosen by her for "The Land of Dreams." There is, however, color illustration enough to suit any age; perhaps its most appropriate and certainly its most striking use in a book for youth this year is in the robust colored woodcuts of Paul Honoré for Charles Finger's "Tales from Hakluyt." The growing preference of grown-ups for history over historical novels begins to show itself on the young reader's list in this book and in "The Road to Cathay," a connected narrative made of the tales of five famous medieval travellers, beginning with Messer Marco Polo.

If I have spoken rather of decorations than of substance, it is because it is the physical appearance of children's books that this year first and most favorably impresses this observer. Otherwise, this season is not so different from the last. Writers for little children must be taking heart at the news that the current Christopher Robin book is to be positively the last; it will not be necessary next Christmas, as it has been for some years past, for choice to begin only after deducting the amount spent for Mr. Milne's current offering. It is still obligatory, however, to get "The House at Pooh Corner" if one is taking orders from as well as for a little child. You might also give him the chance to appreciate the stories of Marion Bullard, whose "Sammie the Turtle" I have read through at least three times already, to myself and in bits to visitors.

Committed as I am to the policy that unless you are reading almost anything by the time you are fifteen, by the time you are twenty-one you may be reading practically nothing, I cannot be greatly interested in the creation of a special literature for the 'teens, especially such as seems to have been written less for a modern girl to read than for a timid parent to buy. But even here there are bright exceptions, as, for one instance, the collection of short stories by famous writers gathered by Helen Ferris in "Adventure Waits." Quite young children, however, still have the best of it in the children's department: I wish we had something as lively in the way of American family life in the 'teens as we have for a family of younger Britons in "The Bastable Children," lately republished in an American edition.

As for books that widen the world for younger readers, we have this year the "Child's Story of Civilization" standing in relation to their library much as "The Stream of History" does to that of their elders; we have several books in which young people are taken abroad to travel, the indications being that the number of these will steadily increase; we have a galaxy of stories, many of them uncommonly good, about how children lived in other times or are now living in other places. Altogether, it is a season to please the parent and supply the child; no doubt, too many titles have been published, but the fates will soon do the necessary weeding. The fates will, as usual on these occasions, wear clothes in six- to twelve-year-old sizes.

Reviews

TREASURE OF CARCASSONNE. By A. ROBIDA. Translated by FREDERIC TABER COOPER. Illustrated by DOROTHY P. LATHROP. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by LORINE PRUETTE

THIS is a story of very particular charm. Cassagnol and Colombe, with their eight children who sleep on shelves or over the bread box in the tiny hut near the ramparts of Carcassonne, have the guilelessly endearing qualities of characters in an old fairy tale. They are at once human and universal. The illustrations of Dorothy P. Lathrop form a delightful and important part of the story. Here rise the battlements and towers of the great fortress, as they were when François I rode up to the Cité, as they are now that Viollet-le-Duc has almost too perfectly restored them. And romping in and out of the walled passages come the demure broad-faced babies, poor, sorely tried Colombe, and the dreamer Cassagnol, who could play the children to sleep when there were not enough turnips for supper. Belleàvoir, the almost human donkey, must not be forgotten, for she it was who first called attention to the gypsy woman who was plotting with the dark stranger. And if Cassagnol had not had a suspicious eye on that wicked stranger, although for purely private reasons, the terrible Spaniards might have slipped by night into the very heart of the citadel.

Cassagnol might have been a good gardener had he not been so excellent a musician and thus in demand for weddings far and wide. Then he might have been more successfully a troubadour had it not come to him as inevitable that he, such a bright young fellow as he was, should be the one to find the ancient treasure buried long before by Alaric's men. His adventures in tunneling under the city are engaging in their surprises and their plausibility. The attack of the great rats has a distinctly medieval flavor. Then there is a wine cellar which dates back perhaps to Roman times and Cassagnol, like any other worker in stone, finds it helpful to cut the dust in his throat. And finally there is a treasure which means that the little ones will have more than turnips and leeks for supper, even though the coins were never buried by the Visigoths.

Cassagnol's subterranean activities cause strange happenings in the vicinity of the Great Well, where all agree that Alaric's treasure lies. Any man, looking hard enough, could catch the glint of the treasure at the bottom of the well, and many were certain that the fairies kept watch down there and that anyone adventuring into that strange world would encounter dangers and torments unbelievable. Colombe suffers more from these potential dangers that brave Cassagnol suffers from the bee-stings which put him in bed with a swollen head, but the terrible Spaniards have suffered worst of all, routed as they are by one poor singer and three hives of bees. And in the end the neighbors come flocking to acclaim the hero until Colombe has to drive them out of the house, there is a purse of gold as a reward to go along with the treasure from the cellar, and Colombe has her rash husband's promise that he will no longer trouble the fairies in the Great Well, but will bide at home to tend his garden and teach the children to make sweet music on the flute.

THE BOYS BOOK OF CAMP LIFE. By ELON JESSUP. Illustrated by CHARLES CARTWRIGHT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by CHILSON D. ALDRICH
Author of "The Real Log Cabin"

FOR boys of sixteen or sixty, this is mighty interesting "dope" on camp life—whether the latter is your future or your past. Mr. Jessup's division of his wealth of material into classified sections, treating each subject in a thorough-going way, is a pleasingly different manner of handling the welter of informative items attaching to life out-of-doors.

Take the chapter on Tents, for instance: One finds out why there are so many kinds, shapes, sizes, and materials without being compelled to buy any of them, inasmuch as one is shown how to make a tent for himself if he is so inclined, and how to mix and apply water-proofing compounds thereto. You discover how to set 'em up and take 'em down—how, in brief, to "roll your own." Yet, with all this knowledge buzzing in your head, you are permitted to forget all about tents for a chapter and try sleeping in the open. (For a night or so anyhow!) Everything (luckily!) is covered. Many a bough bed has been made to the detriment of the forest and the discomfort of the would-be sleeper—but not by one who had read Jessup!

A friendly sort of intimacy pervades the book. The author opens his chapter on Settling Down in Camp—and, by the way, doesn't that sound cozy?—by barging right into one's personal life with the question: "Have you ever had the hay-fever? Probably so." Then—and you will see the connection when you read the chapter—he gives a slogan which ought to top the list of camp rules: "Go into camp before dark."

His advice on building camp-fires is especially sane—both from the viewpoint of the camper, on what to use and how to use it, and from that of some other fellow who might like the site saved for him and some of the scenery left.

The most satisfactory discussion of camping footwear that I have ever run across is followed by a sensible chapter on glasses—"extra eyes," he calls them and a friendly chat on cameras and what not to do with them. The comprehensive, compact little work carries on, logically enough, through a chapter on axes, on "packing," on finding one's way when one is lost and when one isn't—on maps and map-reading (so very important, too) and measuring distances—ending properly in a chapter on "Troubles." "There'd be far fewer accidents in camp life," sagely opines the author, "if people would systematically keep their eyes open and their heads level."

Briefly—if I were a boy again, planning my first camping trip—and I wish I were! — or if I had a boy of camping size, I should hie me straight to the nearest book-stall to make sure that Mr. Jessup's words were "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested," as we used to say when catechisms were fashionable. Moreover, I'd insist on the studying of the extremely adequate and clarifying sketches with which Charles Cartwright has profusely illustrated the book.

For if a lad "knows his stuff"—as these two can show it to him—he can't go far wrong in camp.

Erratum

In the last issue of the Children's Bookshop the name of the writer of the leading article was unfortunately printed as Louis instead of Louise Morgan Sill.

FIVE MEN of FRANKFORT
By Marcus E. Ravage
The astonishing story of the Rothschilds, in one volume. Clever, readable, swift.
Illustrated $5.00
Published January 15.

AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION 1865-1870
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Editor of *The Commonweal*
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By Bravig Imbs
A remarkable woman faithfully presented.
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MATTHEW ARNOLD
By Hugh Kingsmill
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"More alive than fiction."
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club.
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The LAST TZARINA
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—*American Mercury*
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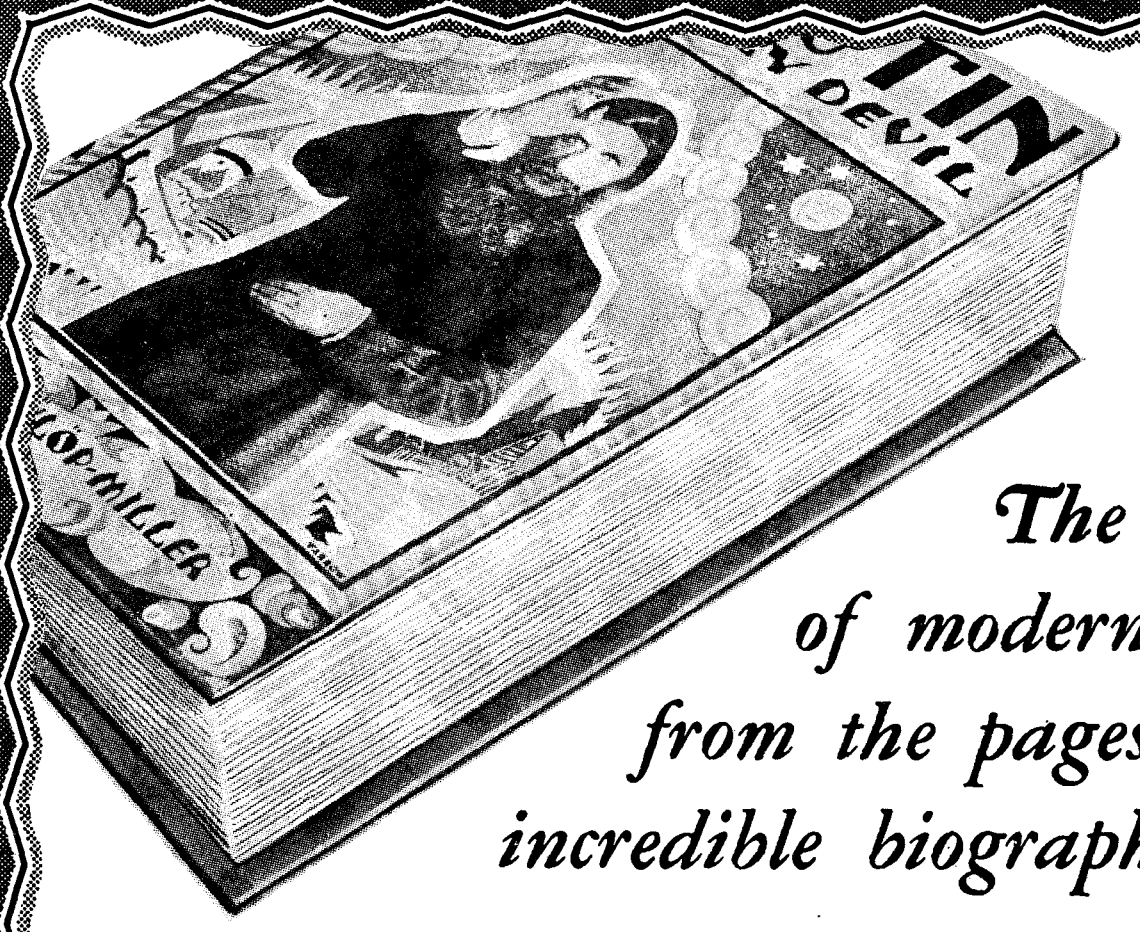

The strangest figure of modern times emerges from the pages of this almost incredible biography . . . . . .

RASPUTIN
THE HOLY DEVIL

By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER

"It has all the veracity of a thing seen yesterday and all the horror and mystery of a diabolic fantasy. Never completely a figure of hell, and even sometimes a servant of heaven, his character in this biography becomes a stunning, compelling story of a man, infinitely more enthralling than the wildest conjectures of a writer of fiction might make of a novel," says Laurence Stallings in *McCall's Magazine*. Romain Rolland, Dmitri Merejkowsky, Knut Hamsun, Thomas Mann, Felix Salten have fallen captive to the spell of this fascinating book; thousands of readers here and abroad have made it a sensational success—one of the best-selling biographies of the year. With 92 illustrations. *Fourth Printing.* $5.00

He ruled over rulers and swayed the destiny of nations by the power of his eye. He was like some mysterious figure of mediaeval darkness transplanted into our own age. He played upon the superstitions of a race, upon the emotions of women crazed by religious frenzy, upon the hearts and minds of the Tsar and Tsaritsa. His death foreshadowed the fall of a dynasty; his prophecy foretold the end of an Empire. Was he demon or saint? Judge for yourself in the pages of this fascinating book.

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